

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. XII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1839.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE BRITISH NAVY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.—THE CAPTAIN'S ESTABLISHMENT. FITTING OUT.

"The stately ship, with all her daring band,
To skilful Albert owned the chief command:
Though trained in bolsterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined."—FALCONER.

DURING the time the ship is fitting in harbour, the captain invariably resides on shore. Last war, it was the custom for captains to take up their quarters at the Crown at Portsmouth; the lieutenants patronised the Fountain, the next hotel in rank; and the "gentlemen" delighted in the Blue Posts, a house of inferior pretensions, but where they were under less restraint. The latter inn is called by the seamen the "Blue Posteses," and in order to a more particular description, they add, "where the midshipmen leave their chesteses, to pay for their break-fasteses."

All this applies however to old times, for now the "gentlemen" are really such; and we only hope that with their gentility they may still retain the reckless daring spirit that distinguished their predecessors, to whose freaks on shore the term was not quite so applicable.

The old adage of "birds of a feather," nevertheless, still applies to naval officers, more perhaps than to any other class of men, for they continue to maintain the distinctions of rank on shore or afloat, the different grades associating together, generally to the exclusion of those next in dignity; and although this observance may be somewhat relaxed in time of peace, when so many young men of family abound in the navy, it is, on the whole, as all experience proves, a good custom to keep up a certain degree of restraint, and thus prevent too great a familiarity amongst classes in a service where implicit obedience is exacted, and a rigid discipline of necessity maintained.

The lieutenants and the midshipmen still patronise the hotels alluded to, in their visits on shore, some of the most aristocratic perhaps not condescending to anything below a private room at the Crown; but now the captain generally lives in hired apartments, where he entertains two or three of his officers occasionally, his regular establishment not being formed until he takes up his residence on board.

This alteration has been produced by a necessity for economy. In war, when the captain shared one eighth part of every capture, it was a poor prize indeed that would not give him a few hundred pounds, and his luck was bad if he did not occasionally fall in with something better. At present, not only is his share of prize-money greatly diminished, but the chance of making it is *nil*, and he cannot calculate on any extra emolument beyond his net pay, described in the scale, unless he is sometimes fortunate enough to be employed in the conveyance of treasure.*

* By Royal Proclamation, dated June 23, 1831, the conveyance of treasure is paid for as follows. Between any two ports not more than six hundred leagues apart, for the crown $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; for private parties $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in peace, and 1 per cent. in war. Between two ports when the distance does not exceed two thousand leagues, for the crown 1 per cent.; for private parties $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in peace, and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in war. Any distance exceeding two thousand leagues, for the crown 1 per cent.; for private parties $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in peace, and 2 per cent. in war. The captain incurs the obligation

The extent of the establishment which the captain thinks proper to maintain, either on shore or afloat, will therefore depend on the means he possesses beyond his pay, in the shape of private income. The pay itself is scarcely equal to the lowest establishment that can be formed; but all are impressed with the necessity of upholding the dignity of their rank and station, and many we fear make grievous sacrifices for the purpose. The respect of the crew is of course enhanced towards those whom they perceive the captain honour with an invitation to his table, and therefore it is usual for him to invite every officer in his turn, except the "warrants," who are not considered in the rank of gentlemen, being raised to their stations from common seamen, and generally not of the most polished behaviour.

Under the present circumstances, therefore, there is no inducement for a captain to accept the command of a ship, to the injury of his private fortune, or the probability of involving himself in debt, were it not that the regulations of the navy require an officer to serve six years in peace, or three years in war, in command of a ship, before he is eligible to be promoted to a flag—that is, to the next step in rank, a rear-admiral. Should he attain by seniority to the head of the list of captains, (and this he must do if he lives, whether employed or unemployed), he will be passed over in a flag promotion, if short of the required term of service, even by a single day; and cases have occurred of late years when the rule has been most rigidly exercised, even in the case of distinguished officers. He is consigned to what is called a retired list, to which, under the name of "yellow admirals," some disgrace was formerly attached, because the persons so consigned were considered as incapables or objectionables; it is so no longer, however: and amongst the retired admirals, may be found some who, as lieutenants and commanders, and even as captains, were distinguished for gallant exploits, although they have not served long enough in the latter rank to bring them within the regulation for flag promotion.

To return from this digression. Every morning at half-past eight, the captain's gig (a light boat having four or six oars) leaves the ship, with one of the young gentlemen—a volunteer of the first class, who reaches the captain's lodgings about nine o'clock, presents the surgeon's and other reports, and is ready to execute commands or to take the chief on board his own or any other ship. The youngster is generally invited to breakfast, and the captain, if not otherwise engaged, avails himself of this opportunity to question him as to his proficiency, and the progress he has made at school, &c.; by this means he forms an opinion of what may be expected from him, at the same time that he instils some good advice for his future guidance. If particularly recommended to his care, the captain will also enquire after his friends, and probably devote more than ordinary attention to his interests.

and risk of safe delivery and making good deficiencies, but not of insurance from the elements, or the enemy; and the proceeds of freight are divided into four parts. If the admiral commanding on the station, to whose squadron the ship belongs, wishes to partake in the advantages, he must also partake in the risk. In that case, one fourth goes to his share, two fourths to the captain, and the remaining fourth to Greenwich Hospital. If the admiral declines, then the captain has three fourths, but in all cases one fourth goes to Greenwich Hospital.

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Erskine and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

In the mean time, the coxswain of the gig repairs to the Post-office for letters and newspapers, and the captain, after dismissing his young aide-de-camp with orders to wait to take him on board, or to return without him, proceeds to the admiral's office, where he meets the lieutenant, who has brought on shore the report of progress in fitting, a document which the port admiral requires daily; and having signed this and other papers, looked over the orders, received his official letters, obtained an audience of the commander-in-chief or of his secretary, according to the occasion, he repairs to the dock-yard to overlook the equipment of his ship, going on under the special direction of the first lieutenant. The officer having copied any new order that the admiral may have issued, repairs on board, or to the dock-yard, or wherever his services are required, and this is the routine that occurs every morning whilst the ship is in port.

During the time a ship remains in harbour any severe cases of illness or accident are sent to the naval hospital, and there the captain visits the patients occasionally, to see that they are properly attended to, or, truly speaking, to make a show of doing so; for he has no authority there, neither does he assume any, as everything is provided under the inspection of the proper officers: such marks of attention have, however, a wonderful effect upon seamen, and it should be the policy of the captain to win the regard and esteem of his crew, and to encourage good behaviour by kindness, as well as to deter bad conduct by a rigorous but not harsh discipline. His crew should be considered by him as his children, and very much of their comfort depends upon his disposition, and the manner which he adopts, and obliges his officers to exercise towards them.

Although the captain interferes but little in fitting the ship, and then only in quiet consultation with his first lieutenant, his presence occasionally is desirable, and his influence sometimes necessary, to expedite matters by reference to the superintendent of the dock-yard; for should difficulties arise and expedition be required, he makes the proper representations to remove obstructions.

The captain usually makes the rounds of every part of the dock-yard and gun-wharf, wherein the ship's furniture is preparing, in the course of the day; and what with deciding on the many matters referred to him, holding surveys, &c., his time is fully occupied. He generally visits the hulk also; and when men are put in the report, as it is called, on complaint of some crime or neglect, he minutely investigates the charge against them, examines the witnesses brought forward to substantiate and rebut it—in fact, takes every means to ascertain the truth, and to come to a just decision, either for acquittal, or corporal or other punishment; but if corporal, it is never carried into effect until the next day.

We shall take another occasion to describe the manner in which this and every other matter is performed on board the ship; at present we may briefly remark, that, under the regulations, no men can be punished until the form of investigation is gone through, and twenty-four hours elapsed, to afford the captain due time for reflection and consideration, as to the nature and amount of the punishment to be inflicted; neither can a petty officer be flogged for a first offence, without sentence of a court-martial. His punishment is disrating to a common seaman, in the first instance; but if he repeats the crime, the captain can then flog him at the gangway.

Meanwhile, constant progress is making in the equipment, and when the heaviest articles are got on board, which is generally the case at the end of a month, the ship is hauled out of the basin, either alongside the dock-yard wharf, or at once to her

hulk, where the remainder of the work proceeds more rapidly, as no time is now lost by the parties going to and fro. Still, it is necessary that boats should be daily despatched to the dock-yard, &c. for articles required, but the sea stores of rope, &c. are not taken in until all the rigging is completed, lest some should be appropriated in harbour, and a deficiency arise at sea when it cannot be replaced.

After the lapse of another week or two, the standing rigging of the ship is completed; that, and the yards, are then covered with a mixture of coal-tar, boiled in salt water, so as to produce a jet black appearance, and the ship is painted inside and out; the dock-yard people, such as joiners, &c. &c., who, up to this time, have been working on board, are then got rid of, the guns are received on board, and the coins and carriages marked by spirit-level, so as to point out when each piece is in a horizontal position, from which the degrees of elevation and depression may afterwards be calculated; and everything being ready, the men are passed over from the hulk to the ship, which is then hauled off, and takes up separate moorings in the harbour. The hulk being thoroughly cleared, is delivered up to the master attendant's charge.

The running rigging is now rove, the square-sails are next bent (tied) to the yards, sheeted home and hoisted—that is, distended; and allowance being made for stretching in the bolt-rope—that is, the rope which surrounds the canvas,—a minute investigation takes place, to ascertain that each fits well, and any necessary alteration is made, not only in the sails in use, but the store sails to replace them. The jibs and stay-sails are also hoisted for the same purpose, and the yards braced each way to prove that everything is in its place and works freely. Provisions and stores for sea are now continually arriving, and the ship assumes the appearance of a regular man-of-war.

During the whole time a ship is in harbour, either when fitting, or for any purpose of repair, the crew are indulged with as much time on shore—or liberty as they call it—as they can reasonably desire. In most cases the whole of one watch—that is half the crew—are permitted to go on shore every evening after work; the condition being that they return next morning sober, and should they fail in this, their leave is stopped. The refusal of leave was one of the greatest grievances of which the seamen complained during the war, but as they were then pressed, and took every opportunity to desert, this indulgence could not be permitted, and the withholding it was one of the many evils which impressment carried in its train: for it became necessary to admit women on board in vast numbers, without scrutiny as to whether they were married or not, and the reader may suppose how such a system operated upon the real wives, mothers, and sisters of seamen, when they beheld their husbands, sons, or brothers, torn away and consigned to a society where their minds would be corrupted, and their affections estranged if not lost to them for ever. This evil—and it was a dreadful one—is now at an end; none but the undoubted wives of seamen, and those only in small numbers and of respectable characters, are ever permitted to come on board, and the men have as much liberty as they desire to go on shore. As seamen seldom have money at this period, however, and are only entitled to two months' pay in advance before going to sea, out of which they are expected to provide clothes, they cannot, therefore, contrive to "raise the wind" for those frolics which, when they have "cash galore," they delight to indulge in; they do not therefore require leave very often.

The ship now takes her turn for guard, and performs all the duties of vessels that are ready for sea, or nearly so, called "senging ships." At daylight a *revellie* is played by the drummer

and fifer, varied by tunes on the bugle, if there is a bugler on board, and the sentries discharge their muskets in concert with the gun from the admiral's ship; the top-gallant and royal yards are *sweaved* up and crossed at eight o'clock, sent down at sunset, and at eight o'clock in the winter, and nine in the summer, the *revellie* is beat again, the sentries discharge their muskets, and re-load for the night. The guard is taken each day in rotation by the ships in harbour, by signal from the "Flag" at eight o'clock in the morning, when the ship taking up the duty hoists a union jack at the mizen, and one of the lieutenants examines all vessels that arrive during the next twenty-four hours, rowing about the harbour from sunset to sunrise, reporting all these vessels, whether in commission or ordinary, whose sentries or look-out men do not hail the approach of his boat. It is the duty of this officer to carry his report to the admiral's office the following morning.

Every Sunday the men are mustered at divisions, and inspected by the captain; after which they are either taken on shore, and marched in procession to church, accompanied by their officers, or divine service is performed on board; during which a pendant is hoisted at the mizen peak, to denote that prayers are going forward, and no boat is permitted or indeed attempts to come alongside when this signal is exhibited, unless on some special business that cannot be delayed.

It is a very beautiful and impressive sight to witness the performance of divine service on board a ship of war, and mark the attention with which our hardy tars regard the ceremony, more particularly when the chaplain suits his discourse—as he always should do—to the comprehension of his congregation. Sailors are supposed to be an unthinking careless class of persons by those who only witness their gambols on shore, free from restraint, and often excited by drink. On board, their conduct, particularly during religious ceremonies, is most decorous and feeling, and quite as respectable as may be met with in any congregation in the kingdom.

Such of the men as take frequent leave, adopt many schemes and devices to raise the wind for money to spend; the publicans and Jews are willing enough to credit them up to the extent of their two months' advance, which they know will be paid before the ship leaves the port, but that is but a small sum in comparison to the wants of the majority. Scarcely a ship therefore leaves the port wherein she fits, but the crew are many hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds, in debt to the inhabitants. Their charges are high, but we must admit that the risk is great—not only of the seaman's return, but his inclination to pay when he has the means. With the full knowledge of this, the Lords of the Admiralty generally arrange that the ship shall be paid off in the same port wherein she was commissioned, and as the men have then three years' wages to receive in a lump, they are quite able and generally willing to discharge their old obligations.

The officers are frequent visitors to the shore; the theatres, evening parties, &c. are the attractions for them, and a boat is generally kept waiting until a late hour for such as return on board to sleep. In well-regulated ships, boats are in attendance at fixed hours for parties going and returning, generally to suit the dinner hours; for wanting this provision, the first lieutenant is continually pestered (particularly by the marine officers, who have much leisure time) for the means of going or sending for some one from the shore.

We will suppose at length that the crew is completed, the stores and provisions in, the stock of the officers (except the live stock, which is never taken on board till the last) provided, and the ship reported ready to go to Spithead, where she generally remains a few days to put things to rights, and that she only waits for orders; the orders arrive, and we shall next carry the ship to that anchorage, and also introduce our readers to a naval court martial before proceeding to sea.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

"Too strict attention to rules for the preservation of health," says Rochefoucauld, "is a very wearisome disease;" and in this instance the sententious Frenchman expresses the general opinion—so far as that is indicated by the practice—of mankind. The value of good health is universally admitted, but comparatively few persons give themselves any trouble to secure it; seeming to regard the necessity for unceasing care and attention as a greater affliction than occasional attacks of disease, or even than general ill-health: nor, in many cases, has the example of those who have in this respect differed from the majority of men, been such as to diminish the force of this feeling, or to show the wisdom of an opposite course of conduct. Who has not heard and read of men who, free from necessity for bodily labour, and possessing little energy of mind, have passed their time in observing their own sensations, watching all their variations with closest care, until the habit became insensible; and whose imagination, acting upon this narrow circle of ideas, has filled them with unfounded apprehensions, and at length, by means of the mysterious sympathies which exist between the mind and the body, has actually produced the evils which were at first mere figments of a disordered brain? But because some men, not rightly comprehending either the object of their endeavours or the means of attaining it, and unfavourably circumstanced for its realisation, have defeated themselves by the excess of care which they took to secure success, it is assuredly most absurd to conclude that the safest plan is to make no exertion whatever, and thus to leave a matter of vital importance to the mercy of fortuitous events. Ridiculous as this seems when plainly stated, it has nevertheless been almost universally done. While years of labour and study are devoted to the acquisition of a knowledge of the arts necessary to our subsistence, or to the accumulation of wealth, how seldom is the smallest attention bestowed upon the means of preserving health!—health, which is essential to the enjoyment of our acquisitions, and without which all external advantages are comparatively worthless. When this subject is better and more generally understood, the communication of a knowledge of the principles of hygiene will form an essential part of the education of the young; for no parent, who clearly perceived the immense advantages of such knowledge, would fail to make every exertion to secure it for his children.

Here may be noticed the objections of two sets of persons, who, though for very different reasons, disapprove of popular expositions of the laws by which health is governed:—the one, because they imagine the common sense or instinct of men is sufficient to enable them to take care of their health, without any assistance from rules; the other, from a fear that the knowledge thus acquired may lead many to invade the province of the physician. Against the innumerable proofs which every day affords of the incorrectness of the former opinion, such persons fortify themselves by one or two cases, which they assume to be on their side of the question; and these they adduce on every occasion, as a conclusive refutation of whatever may be alleged on the other. The instance most frequently and triumphantly referred to is that of old Parr, who, though destitute of all knowledge derived from books, yet prolonged his life in health and vigour to the great age of 152 years. But the history of that renowned old man is a striking proof of the value of rules. He has himself recorded that he strictly observed a certain regimen, to which he attributed his freedom from disease and his long life; and the soundness of which is proved by modern physiology. It does not follow, however, that because Parr, by observation and experience, arrived independently at correct conclusions, that every one can do so: all are not gifted with such sagacity as he possessed; nor, even if it were possible, would it be advisable to reject the assistance of science: little progress would the world make if this plan were adopted in other matters. But, as an able writer has remarked, men never trust to unaided common sense in those points in which they possess the knowledge of a system of rules. The man who should attempt to navigate a ship, or build a house, under the guidance of common sense alone, would be regarded as insane, not only by the sailor or architect, but by everybody else;* and assuredly the fact, that the plan of committing the care of the health to this favourite faculty is so generally entertained, proves only how little is known respecting the animal economy.

The other class referred to is chiefly composed of professional men, who, feelingly alive to the dangers attending the use of even the most simple remedies in the hands of non-medical persons, and

* Whately's "Elements of Logic." Preface.

fearful that a knowledge, however slight, of physiology, and of the causes of disease, would embolden many to assume the office of physicians, denounce all attempts to popularise those subjects. We cannot but think such apprehensions unfounded, and that the diffusion of the knowledge in question would be attended with diametrically opposite results. For who is it that places his reliance for the cure of disease on the impudent and ignorant quack, or on the well-meaning though not less ignorant friend? Not, assuredly, the man who has learned how delicate are the organs, and how easily deranged the functions of his body, and who knows that symptoms, apparently identical, frequently arise from very different causes; but he to whom health and sickness are mysteries, about which he can exercise no judgment or discrimination, and who therefore is duped by every impostor who promises him health and long life. To nothing else but ignorance of the principles of hygiene is attributable the ease with which unprincipled empirics have at all times deluded the multitude with their gross absurdities, which they have not seldom palmed off even upon the better educated in other respects; and which a very small amount of the requisite knowledge would have sufficed to expose. The objections of medical men above mentioned are now disappearing, and some of the brightest ornaments of the profession have not thought it derogatory to attempt to enlighten their fellow-creatures on the means of preserving their health.

In endeavouring to aid them in this important object, we would especially address ourselves to *women*. On them is devolved not only the care of their own health, but, in a great measure, of that of infants and the young also; a heavy responsibility, to enable them to support which scarcely anything has yet been done. Nay, it has been held a departure from the proper province of the female sex to acquire the knowledge necessary for the due performance of this trust. "Women," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "are the earliest teachers; they must be nurses: they can be neither, without the risk of doing incalculable mischief, unless they have some understanding of the subjects about to be treated of" (the physical and mental constitution of man). "On these grounds I rest their obligation to study them; and I look upon that notion of delicacy which would exclude them from knowledge calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to open, exalt, and purify their minds, and to fit them for the performance of their duties, as alike degrading to those to whom it affects to show respect, and debasing to the mind that entertains it."*

The science of hygiene is commonly supposed to relate exclusively to the well-being of the body; and hence it holds a much lower place in public estimation than it deserves. The mighty influence of the body on the mind and disposition, especially in infancy, giving to it an important share in the formation of character, has been elaborately expounded by several philosophical physiologists (among whom Cabanis claims distinguished mention); but is comparatively unknown beyond the medical profession. Yet, without some acquaintance with this subject, even the most careful parent or instructor is sure to make frequent mistakes in the training of the young;—mistakes, the consequences of which may be to pervert the faculties and corrupt the feelings of all exposed to their influence. A knowledge of this science, and of its relations with moral science, ought therefore to form an essential item in the qualifications of all who undertake the charge of the young, whether as parents or teachers.

The subjects above alluded to are too extensive, and some of them too abstruse, to be more than incidentally and briefly noticed in our pages. We can only indicate the principal points, and refer our readers to the sources of more complete information. In a work of this kind, we are necessarily confined to the consideration of those branches only of the subject which are of the most direct and obvious importance, and which may most readily be expounded in a popular form.

We are convinced that mere precept, however good the authority on which it rests may be regarded, is never so well obeyed as when its reasonableness and propriety are made known. Accordingly, there can be no doubt that a knowledge of the principles of physiology, on the part of the patient, renders him much more ready to comply with the directions of his medical adviser, with whom it enables him in many cases usefully to co-operate. Dr. S. Smith, indeed, mentions this fact as a strong argument in favour of the diffusion of the knowledge in question. Few persons would willingly act so as to injure themselves, and we hope to make it appear that the adoption of the advice we propose to give from time to time will conduce to human happiness.

* "Philosophy of Health," p. 10.

CHARACTERS OF FIVE GREAT MEN.

THINLY, very thinly, were great men sown in my remembrance. I can pretend to have seen but five. The Duke of Cumberland, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Mansfield, Lord Granville, and Mr. Pitt. I have expatiated on all their characters separately; and yet I am inclined to say a few words more in the light of comparison. It is by setting the same characters in different oppositions and points of view, that nearer acquaintance with them may be struck out.

Lord Granville was most a genius of the five; he conceived, knew, expressed whatever he pleased. The state of Europe, and the state of literature, were equally familiar to him. His eloquence was rapid, and flowed from a source of wit, grandeur, and knowledge. So far premeditated, he allowed no reflection to chasten it. It was entertaining, it was sublime, it was hyperbole, it was ridiculous, according as the profusion of ideas crowded from him. He embraced systems like a legislator, but was capable of none of the detail of a magistrate. Sir Robert Walpole was much the reverse: he knew mankind, not their writings; he consulted their interests, not their systems; he intended their happiness, not their grandeur. Whatever was beyond common sense he disregarded.

Lord Mansfield, without the elevation of Lord Granville, had great powers of eloquence. It was a most accurate understanding, and yet capable of shining in whatever it was applied to. He was as free from vice as Pitt, more unaffected, and formed to convince even when Pitt had dazzled.

The Duke of Cumberland had most expressive sense, but with that connexion between sense and sensibility, that you must mortify his pride before you could call out the radiance of his understanding. Being placed at the head of armies without the shortest apprenticeship, no wonder he miscarried. It is cruel to have no other master than one's own faults.

Pitt's was an unfinished greatness. Considering how much of it depended on his words, one may almost call his an artificial greatness; but his passion for fame, and the grandeur of his ideas, compensated for his defects. He aspired to redeem the honour of his country, and to place it in a point of giving law to nations. His ambition was to be the most illustrious man of the first nation in Europe; and he thought that the eminence of glory could not be sullied, by the steps to it being passed irregularly. He wished to aggrandize Britain in general; but thought not of obliging or benefiting individuals.

Lord Granville, you loved till you knew him—Sir Robert Walpole the more you knew him.—You would have loved the Duke, if you had not feared him.—Pitt liked the dignity of despotism, Lord Mansfield the reality; yet the latter would have served the cause of power without sharing in it. Pitt would have set the world free, if he might command it. Lord Granville would have preferred doing right, if he had not thought it more convenient to do wrong. Sir Robert Walpole meant to serve mankind, though he knew how little they deserved it; and this principle is at once the most meritorious in itself and to the world.

Lord Orford's Memoirs.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ST. VINCENT.

LORD ST. VINCENT, during his anxious command, passed many sleepless hours in the night, and generally rose between two and three o'clock in the morning; his usual hour of retiring at that time being eight o'clock P.M. One night, feeling very restless, he rang his bell, and ordered the officer of the watch to his bed-side. The officer was Lieutenant Cashman, a fine rough unlettered sailor, of the true breed.—"What sort of a night, sir?" "A very fine night, my lord."—"Nothing stirring? no strangers in sight?" "No, my lord."—"Nothing to do on deck?" "No, my lord?"—"Then you may take a book, and read to me. Any book—it don't signify—take the Admiralty Statutes." Cashman handed out the huge quarto, and having placed the lantern with which he was furnished to visit the ship on the table before him, sat down in his watch-coat, and read a part of those Acts of Parliament out of which our naval code is formed; Acts which, I will venture to say, he never heard of before, and I am sure never looked at again.

Lord St. Vincent, in telling the story, used to say, "Sir, I thought I should have suffocated myself; I was forced to keep my head so long under the bed-clothes, to conceal my laughter at the manner in which he stumbled and hobbled through his task. And well he might, with a horn lantern and a farthing candle."

Brenton's Life of St. Vincent.

THE CHIEF DUTY OF WOMAN.

"WHAT a miserable thing it is to be a woman!" was lately the exclamation of an amiable but high-spirited lady. She had been admirably educated by indulgent parents, and taught accomplishments beyond her station in life. Now, being married to a worthy man, of moderate income, and having a family of young children, the little elegances and accomplishments and romance of youth had to be laid aside, and duties of a plain and sober cast claimed incessant attention. Her husband was out all day—he had to hurry off in the morning, and often came home tired and worn-out late at night. She herself, of a buoyant disposition, passionately fond of society and public meetings, and who had, when free, been an active member of more than one "Ladies' Committee," was now, as she expressed it, tied up like a dog to its kennel. The piano was untouched, unless now and then the little girl, standing on tiptoe, contrived to give it a jarring *thrill*; the sketch-book was a sealed book; her own sense of domestic duty led her to practise economy, as far as it could be carried; she loved her husband, and had every reason, she said, to be perfectly happy: yet old recollections would revive, and feeling as if she were now reduced to the capacity of being merely a nurse of children, she exclaimed pettishly, "What a miserable thing it is to be a woman!"

This is an old complaint of the ladies, and is amusingly enough put forward in a tract, published exactly a century ago (1739) under the title of "Woman not inferior to Man; or a short and modest Vindication of the natural Right of the Fair Sex to a perfect equality of power, dignity, and esteem, with the Men. By Sophia, a person of quality." The reputed fair authoress says, "Was every individual man to divulge his thoughts of our sex, they would all be found unanimous in thinking that we are made only for them, and only fit to nurse children in their tender years, to mind household affairs, and to obey, serve, and please our masters,—that is, themselves, forsooth! All this is mighty fine, and amongst a scraglio of slaves could not but sound mighty big from a Mussulman's mouth. . . . To stoop to some regard for the strutting things is not enough; to humour them more than we could children, with any tolerable decency, is too little; they must be served, forsooth! Pretty creatures indeed!"

Sophia, however, takes a just view of the importance of one of the chief duties of women. "It is too well known," she says, "to be dissembled, that the office of nursing children is held by the men in a despicable light, as something low and degrading: whereas, had they Nature for their guide, they would not need to be told, that there is no employment in a commonwealth which deserves more honour, or greater thanks and rewards. Let it but be considered, what are the advantages accruing to mankind from it, and its merit must stand immediately confessed. Nay, I know not whether it may not appear to render women deserving the first places in civil society. . . . How largely are they rewarded who succeed in taming a tiger, an elephant, or such-like animals; and shall women be neglected for spending years in the taming that fiercer animal, *man*?"

To an active-minded woman, who occasionally *thinks*, the burdens, pains, and duties of life must occasionally appear to be very unequally divided; and when left to her own reflections, man will at times seem, if not a savage, at least a very selfish animal. The "march of intellect" has not hitherto done women much good in this respect. Their mental faculties have received a wrong direction; they share in that *ascending* spirit which mental stimulus communicates; they receive what is called a fine, or an accomplished education, are made sensitive, sympathetic, and delicate; and go through life struggling to maintain a balance in the equivocal half-lady half-servile position of a governess, or they sink into an ordinary marriage, with perhaps a decided distaste for the mere dull routine, as it seems, of a small domestic establishment. This appears to us to be one of the evils of our state of society, which is both serious and large in amount. Ignorance is bad; but ignorant—that is, comparatively

ignorant—women have generally a hardy healthy cast of mind, which our modern system of female education is calculated greatly to impair. There is nothing more delightful than to meet, in the ordinary walks of life, with a woman of sound good sense, whose conversation and manner show that her mind has been well educated, and stored with useful and ornamental knowledge. But we are constrained to say, that this is a rarer case, than to meet with a feeble or an affected creature, whose only use of an "accomplished education" is alternately to shine and murmur.

"There is one class of duties," says Mrs. Sandford, "which, as it went out with our grandmothers, is now considered quite obsolete. We wonder, indeed, how these venerable ladies could be so familiar with the pantry, and yet never soil their petticoats; how they could preside over the culinary department, and be adepts in every domestic art, and yet be still as stately as their ruffles or brocade. Ladies were in those days accountable for every dish; they smiled with conscious triumph when the sauce was praised; they made currant wine and raspberry vinegar; and their cupboards were stored with expressed juices and ingenious confections. But now there is something inelegant that attaches to the *ménage*. It is associated with making puddings or mending stockings, or scolding servants. A good housewife is a good sort of bustling person, who has always a good dinner and a clean house; who jingles a bunch of keys, and gasps for an opportunity of replenishing your plate."

That men and women were intended, in one sense, to be on an equality, seems evident, both from nature and Scripture; and married men, who sometimes exhibit a very commendable propriety in their general conduct, are frequently grossly selfish in leaving to their wives all the burden, all the restraints, and all the *dulness*, of a family and of home. "God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them." Population tables show that there is scarcely any disproportion in the births of males and females, thus bringing the sanction of nature to scripture, and demonstrating that though polygamy existed by permission in Old Testament times, it is against a natural rule. Heeren advances the position, that the great moral, social, and intellectual superiority of European nations over the Eastern, is owing to the simple fact of the non-prevalence of polygamy. There appears to be great truth in this. Wherever woman stands on an equal footing with man, there man himself rises, and society improves. Woman, in the East, has no social consideration. Indirect influence she has, of course—for even amongst coarse-minded, unintellectual savages, where she is compelled to perform all the drudgery, woman has influence—but this is exercised in a way which neither improves individuals nor society.

But while women were thus intended to be man's social and domestic equals, the life and ornament of his society, they were never intended to be his *intellectual* equals; and that education which attempts to force this equality will only defeat itself, and injure its objects. We must prop ourselves here with an opinion. The author of "Home Education" says, "Every day, in society, we may meet with women equal to, or surpassing men in intelligence; but if male and female minds, of apparently equal intelligence, are brought into comparison, very few instances will occur in which the latter are not far inferior to the former in power." "Some allowance," he adds, "ought, as I am inclined to think, to be made in the culture of the female mind for what I would not call an organic difference of structure, if I could find a term nearer to my meaning, and not so liable to misconception."

To this we cordially subscribe; and the intellectual difference, thus pointed out, at once directs attention to the character and object of female education. HOME should be the sphere to which the female mind should ever be directed. Let the females of a nation fulfil, in intelligent spirit and truth, the duties of home, and there is little fear of its men. In all ages the WOMEN OF ENGLAND have exercised a powerful, social, and domestic influ-

ence. With us the fireside virtues have ever been revered. This, therefore, is to be taken into account in the history of our rise and progress as a nation; and far distant be the day when a false system of education, or a vain straining after intellectual pre-eminence, shall lead them to quit their stronghold, and make them dissatisfied unless they can spend their time in the public view, fluttering and promenading, like butterflies in a summer's sun!

Guizot, in his *History of Civilisation in Europe*, dates the origin of the influence of woman from the feudal system. He draws a picture of a feudal castle, on a hill, at the foot of which lies its village of serfs. The lord of this establishment can maintain no familiarity with his dependants; he can scarcely have any equal companionship, unless when engaged in war and hunting. "The chief, however violent and brutal his out-door exercises, must habitually return into the bosom of his family. He there finds his wife and children, and scarcely any but them; they alone are his constant companions; they alone divide his sorrows and soften his joys; they alone are interested in all that concerns him. It could not but happen, in such circumstances, that domestic life must have acquired a vast influence; nor is there any lack of proofs that it did so. Was it not in the bosom of the feudal family that the importance of women, that the value of the wife and mother, at last made itself known? In none of the ancient communities—not merely speaking of those in which the spirit of family never existed, but in those in which it existed most powerfully; say, for example, in the patriarchal system—in none of these did women ever attain to anything like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal system. It is to the progress, to the preponderance, of domestic manners in the feudal halls and castles, that they owe this change, this improvement in their condition. The cause of this has been sought for in the peculiar manners of the ancient Germans; in a national respect which they are said to have borne, in the midst of their forests, to the female sex. Upon a single phrase of Tacitus, Germanic patriotism has founded a high degree of superiority—of primitive and ineffable purity of manners, in the relations between the two sexes among the Germans. Pure chimæras! Phrases like this of Tacitus—sentiments and customs analogous to those of the Germans of old,—are found in the narratives of a host of writers, who have seen, or inquired into, the manners of savage and barbarous tribes. There is nothing primitive, nothing peculiar, to a certain race in this matter."

Now, with all deference to this great master of philosophical history, we do think that there is something "peculiar to a certain race in this matter;" and in England, at least, his theory of the origin of the influence of woman will not hold. Not to go so far back as Boadicea, and the ancient Britons, we find that the condition of women in early Saxon times was, on the whole, very favourable. In old illuminations they are represented as sitting at table with the men; they are scarcely, if ever, exhibited as taking a part in the labours of the field; they appear to have been almost exclusively occupied within doors; and their names are poetically expressive—Adeleve, the noble wife; Wynfreda, the peace of man; Deorwyn, dear to man; Deorswythe, very dear; Winnefride, a winner or gainer of peace.

The feudal system was perfected in England after the Norman conquest; and we have abundant proof, during the long period from William the Conqueror to Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, that the influence of French customs on the court and nobility, while they polished the manners of the ladies, deteriorated their morals. The Reformation elevated female character, though the process was apparently interrupted by the gross buffoonery of the court of James I. The civil wars tended to develop the strength and single-mindedness of woman, when sustained by religion: of this we have noble examples in the respective *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, and *Mrs. Hutchinson*. But the Restoration cast once more a blight over female character, as far as the influence of the court extended.

With this exception, the characteristic of the women of Eng-

land, from the earliest period down to our own day, has ever been that of fulfilling the domestic relations of life with zeal, strictness, and fidelity. Pope, in uttering a sarcasm, paid them a compliment, when he said, "most women have no character at all." The sarcasm was aimed at that class of triflers, who formed the fashionable world with which Pope was chiefly acquainted: but when applied generally, it is so far true, that the great bulk of women have no character—that is, no distinctive peculiarities of mind, to make them stand out in relief; and this very want of character is their great excellence, and that which fits them to shine in the domestic circle. Characteristic women are often troublesome companions; and a female requires much good sense to balance mer'at peculiarities, or intellectual cleverness.

We conclude with an illustration taken from the vegetable kingdom. The Banyan tree (*Ficus Indica*) is a native of most parts of India; and we are told that "if the seeds drop in the axils of the palmyra tree, the roots grow downwards, embracing the trunk in their descent; by degrees they envelop every part except the top, whence, in very old specimens, the leaves and head of the palmyra tree are seen emerging from the trunk of the banyan tree, as if they grew from it. The Hindoos regard such cases with reverence, and call them a holy marriage, instituted by Providence. The banyan tree, covering with its trunks a sufficient space of ground to shelter a regiment of cavalry, and used as a natural canopy for great public meetings, has been so often described by writers on India, as to have become familiar to the reader. The branches spread to a great extent, dropping their roots here and there, which, as soon as they reach the ground, rapidly increase in size, till they become as large as, and similar to, the parent trunk; by which means, the quantity of ground they cover is almost incredible."

Our readers, we trust, require no application of this illustration. To our minds it is a beautiful exemplification of that intimate union and mutual protection and dependence which constitute the roots of human society, and which we fear the stimulating character of modern female education tends in some degree to injure. But as we have probably given enough of our *prose*, let us part with a nice little bit of Moore's *poetry* :—

TO MY MOTHER.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

DISCOVERY OF PETRA.

DURING the reign of Sultan Moezz Aibek, the first discovery of the city of Petra appears to have been made. A revolt was raised by the Baharite Mamelukes in Cairo; but Aibek gained possession of the leader's person, put him to death, and had his head flung into the midst of the insurgents: they were thrown into confusion, and sought safety in flight. Twelve of the Baharite Mamelukes, in their flight, became entangled in the desert called *Tib-beni-Israel* (the waste of the Israelites), and wandered about at random for five days. On the sixth, they perceived at a distance certain ruins of a greenish colour, towards which they directed their course. They found a large city, with walls and gates, wholly built of green marble. They traversed the interior, whose streets and houses were buried in sand. The vessels and vestments which they found crumbled into dust when touched. In one vase, which appeared to have belonged to a cloth-merchant, they found nine pieces of gold, on each of which was impressed the figure of an antelope, surrounded by an inscription in Hebrew letters. The Mamelukes having excavated one spot, came to a solid pavement, which they lifted up: they found a fountain cold as snow, of which they drank greedily. Having travelled all the night, they met a troop of Arabs, by whom they were conducted to Karak: there they presented the coins to the money-changers, one of whom declared that "these pieces were struck in the time of Moses."

History of the Mameluke Sultans.

MAGNANIMITY, OR THE ADOPTED SON.

AN OLD ITALIAN STORY.

LIVIA, a noble lady of the city of Forli, had an only son, named Scipio, adorned with every accomplishment, and warmly attached to his mother. He was enamoured of a beautiful lady who was sought by many suitors, and amongst these a young man, whom Scipio, the favoured lover, accidentally encountered. They quarrelled, and fought, and the son of the widow received a wound of which he expired soon after. The homicide was instantly pursued by the officers of justice, and, seeing the door of Livia's mansion standing open, sought refuge in the apartment of the mother of Scipio, and implored her protection. She granted his request, and concealed him. Suddenly the door opened, and the corpse of her beloved son was brought into the room. The unfortunate mother burst into loud lamentations, and was rendered so insensible by grief, that she did not perceive the officers searching for, and discovering the murderer, whom she had taken under her protection. When she saw him brought in fettered, her affection for her son was subdued by her sense of honour. She denied his having been the cause of her son's death; but the young man, seeing the certainty of death before him, made the last effort, and, in moving accents, implored the forgiveness of the mother of his enemy; offering to replace the loss she had sustained, and in every respect to become her son, promising the most dutiful and filial affection. Notwithstanding her arms clung to the dead body of her murdered child, she was moved by the speech of the murderer; and, after a struggle of maternal affection and pity for the young man, the latter gained the ascendancy, and she not only forgave the homicide, but adopted him as a son. But the magistrate of the city was a rigid executor of justice, and though he admired the eloquence of the youth, and the compassion of the mother, he ordered the culprit to be imprisoned, and executed the following day; nor could the reasons of Livia, who represented herself as the person most deeply injured, and who conjured him not to deprive her of an adopted son, who would console her for the one she had lost, move him from his resolution. Prospero Colonna, the lord of the city, was fortunately present, to whom she represented her case, and prevailed. The young man was pardoned, and for many years, under the adopted name of Scipio, consoled the afflicted Livia by the most assiduous filial affection. Upon her death-bed she took the most tender leave of him, and left him all her property. Her memory was honoured by a monument, upon which was recorded her noble treatment of the homicide, and his filial regret at her departure.

THE BLIND SECRETARY OF THE GLOUCESTER SABBATH SCHOOLS.

"I ARRIVED in Gloucester in time to breakfast with a friend who kindly undertook to obtain the assistance of some active person who would be likely to forward my purpose of addressing the children; and he accordingly sent for a young man, who, although blind, was nevertheless a very efficient secretary of the Sabbath schools, and highly respected.

"This interesting young man soon arrived: he appeared to be about twenty-eight years of age; his eyes were beautifully black, and so clear, that I could not have supposed they wanted the faculty of vision: but it was so—he had been deprived of sight for nine years. Notwithstanding this disability, he undertook his task with promptitude; and, taking me by the arm, directed me to lead him down the main street, where, with surprising accuracy, he brought me to the house of one of the superintendents. Afterwards, in like manner, having instructed me to conduct him to various parts of the town, he made all the arrangements for a general meeting of schools on the following Sabbath, and for lectures on other evenings.

"I was, at first, so careful of my blind guide, that I walked slowly; but he begged that I would push boldly forward, as we had much work before us; at the same time assuring me, that all he required was care, lest he should be jostled by some inadvertent passenger. I inquired how he managed to do the duties of secretary. He answered, that he only went through the routine, and obtained the assistance of an amanuensis; that he kept possession of the books, and retained the contents in his memory."—*Pilking-ton's Adventures.*

A GLANCE AT RUSSIA*.

PUBLIC attention, especially since the affair of the "Vixen," has been greatly attracted by the proceedings of Russia; her progress, which had been disregarded, her moral force, which had perhaps been undervalued, have become objects of attention, and every addition to the knowledge we already possess of her policy and resources, is very valuable. Many people of the present day fondly persuade themselves that true wisdom, that is Christianity, for the terms are synonymous, has already so strong a hold on the minds of men, as to render it very unlikely, almost morally impossible, that Europe should again plunge into war. Despite the quarrels in Portugal and Spain, they hold the civilized world at large as too far advanced in knowledge to be guilty of the great folly of general warfare, and to a certain extent we agree in this opinion. We hold it to be a moral and political truth, that war is an evil; that no success, not even the possession of a disputed territory, can compensate for its mischiefs; but we hold it also to be a moral and political truth, that the nation who does not early oppose aggression, and take all wise precautions against the opportunity of attack, is aiding the folly of those whose ambition inclines them to disturb the tranquillity of nations, and the general improvement and progress of the human mind, which steadily proceeds in peaceful times, but is necessarily stayed—nay, prevented, thrown back, by war. These feelings make us look with very anxious eyes upon Russia, which is a country so different in the constitution of its society from any other European state, as to render it difficult to form a correct judgment of its real power. Hence any authentic information regarding it is of great value, for if it be the unhappy fate of Europe to be again plunged into general war, a rupture between England and Russia will in all probability be the commencement of a terrible strife, the result of which, however it may be terminated, must necessarily check the course of moral culture which is now so beneficially going forward throughout the world, and penetrates even to its remotest parts.

Mr. Bremner travelled from Petersburg to Odessa, making a long detour for the purpose of visiting the fair at Nishnei-Novgorod, the great annual mart for the interchange of European and Asiatic merchandise. In the course of this journey, and in his sojourn in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, he had very ample opportunity of gaining the information which he has communicated to his countrymen in two very pleasant and instructive volumes. His description of the personal character of the Emperor will be read with interest. In the peculiarly constituted society of Russia, where the people are divided into two classes, nobles and slaves, and wanting all the moral energy which can only exist in union with a third class, the court takes a prominent part, and leads the way, either to vice or virtue, as it may be. "Nicholas is the third son of the unfortunate Paul, and succeeded to the throne on the death of Alexander, in consequence of some arrangement made by that Emperor for the exclusion of his second brother Constantine, who was still alive. Alexander has been much blamed for sanctioning an arrangement directly subversive of those very principles of legitimacy for which he had made so many sacrifices throughout his long reign; but in Russia it was no new thing to pass over the direct heir, in favour of one better able to govern: for the greatest Emperor who ever reigned over it, Peter the Great himself, was called to the throne in the same way; Fœdor having named him his successor, to the exclusion of Ivan, the rightful heir, who, from weakness of intellect, was deemed incapable of governing. In both cases demonstrations were made in favour of the disinherited. Ivan was for some time regarded as sovereign by one party, but soon gave way to his more energetic brother; and Constantine was proclaimed at Warsaw, as well as supported by a revolt of a portion of the guard, and by the populace of St. Petersburg. The energy displayed by Nicholas in subduing the rebellion has continued to characterise the whole of his conduct ever since. There is nothing, however, either in the attainments or measures of the Tzar, to justify his admirers in holding him up as a man of extraordinary, nay, almost superhuman talent. That he possesses restless activity of mind and body—and in a degree, which in a monarch may not unnaturally be mistaken for genius—no one will deny; but we have never discovered in him any other qualities that entitle him to be considered as much above the

* Excursions in the Interior of Russia, by ROBERT BREMNER, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo, 1839. Colburn, London.

ordinary average of human character, and certainly none that can entitle him to be pronounced, as he has sometimes been, the greatest genius, the master spirit of our age. His most prominent qualities, we should say, are decision and firmness; quickness in devising expedients to meet the unforeseen emergency of the moment, and steadiness in enforcing them. Next to these, is the excess of his passion for reducing everything to military uniformity. This propensity degenerates almost to a weakness: it is his great aim to give the whole empire the appearance of an encampment. This passion is so well known that the very children in the streets are made to affect the air military, strutting about in a white cap with a red band *à l'empereur*. On entering a school, the boys and girls rise in files, to salute you after the military fashion, and march out as if wheeling to the sound of fife and drum. In the very prisons a dash of the corporal's discipline is visible; and even in the hospitals, you would say the old nurses ape the imperial guard. The emperor's private habits and general style of living are extremely simple, and the delight which he takes in the society of his children is boundless. Those who have seen the imperial family in their private moments, when free from the constraint of pomp and ceremony to which princes are slaves before the world, speak of them in terms of rapture. An English gentleman who was honoured with many opportunities of entering the august circle, says that more happiness, more affection, more simplicity, it would be impossible to conceive. The unconstrained and innocent amusement of their evenings, contrasted delightfully with the notions usually formed of imperial family scenes. In short, from all that he beheld, it appeared that a kinder husband or a better father than Nicholas, does not exist. "In person the Emperor is tall and well made. Few men of his height (six feet two inches), display such grace and freedom of carriage. In fact his appearance is so superior, that many have bestowed upon him the wise and not easily disputed compliment of being the 'handsomest man in Europe.' Being one of the best horsemen of the time, he is never seen to more advantage than when mounted on his favourite steed. Accustomed to command, and to see his commands obeyed with crouching submission, he has acquired the air and mien of majesty more completely than any sovereign of the age. His eye has a singular power: its fierce glance can awe the turbulent, and, it is said, has disarmed the assassin. His manners, however, are far from those of the despot; nothing can be more winning than his attentions where he wishes to please. No man ever seemed to possess more strongly the power of removing, from those who have access to him, the prejudices which may have been previously entertained against him. The Russians, it is said, see little of his fascinating powers; towards them he dare not be familiar, without exciting jealousies which would be fatal to the empire. It is on strangers, passing visitors, that he lavishes his amiability, for with them it can be done without danger, and he is too anxious to stand well with the rest of Europe to allow a foreigner to leave him under an unfavourable impression. Never was even imperial flattery more successful in attaining its aim: the raptures with which his condescension, his frankness, his courtesy, are spoken of by all who come near him, would indicate that it is not merely the emperor but the man who triumphs." An amusing anecdote is related of the conversion of a French liberal and political writer, by the talent of the Emperor, but we have not space to insert it.

Mr. Bremner is of opinion that Nicholas has long meditated and still intends to carry his arms to India, and attack England in her Eastern possessions: a scheme which he considers impracticable, even with the large resources which the emperor can command. But the immense preparations of Russia, both naval and military, has also excited suspicion that she contemplates war, and war against England. Mr. Bremner took pains to procure accurate information concerning the real force of the Russian Baltic fleet, and he gives the following statement:—

1 Three-decker	of	120 guns.
3 Three-deckers	of	110
7 Ships	of	84
9 Ships	of	74

in all thirty heavy line of battle ships (not forty-five, as has been erroneously stated). To these, however, must be added,

1 Razee	of	56 guns.
3 Frigates	of	52
18 Ditto	of	44

besides corvettes and small craft; the whole manned by a force of 33,000 men. The Russian fleet in the Black Sea at the present

moment (Jan. 1839), amounts to sixteen ships of the line, which it is said will be further strengthened in the course of the ensuing summer, by the addition of other ships now building. It being customary in Russia to begin the training of the crew of a new ship the moment her keel is laid, the ships last referred to will be ready for sea as soon as they are launched.

There are several vessels of very considerable size on the Caspian, and more are in rapid progress at the building yards recently established at very favourable points. The last item to be added is her steamboats, which, in such seas as Russia will have to fight upon, will be of the utmost service to her in case of a war. Including those on the Caspian and the sea of Azoff, she has now at least sixty steamboats of one kind or other.

Turn we now from these warlike details to the more pleasing prospect of industrious commerce. We will fly with our author to the great fair of Nishnei-Novgorod; and after plunging through the deep sloughs into which the turf roads are cut by the multitude of passengers (for beyond Moscow there are no made roads whatever) we reach the city, which stands on a fine triangular height at the junction of the Okka and Volga, in 56° 19' 40" north latitude, and 61° 40' 34" east longitude. The fair is not held in the town, but "across the Okka, on a low almost inundated flat, exposed to the waters of both these rivers, lies a scene of bustle and activity unparalleled in Europe. A vast town of shops, laid out in regular streets, with churches, hospitals, barracks, and theatres, now tenanted by more than a hundred thousand souls, but in a few weeks to be as dead and silent as the forests we have been surveying: for when the fair is over, not a creature will be seen out of the town, on the spot which is now swarming with human beings. Yet these shops are not the frail structures of canvas and rope with which the idea of a fair is associated in other countries. They are regular houses, built of the most substantial materials, and are generally one story high, with large shops in the front part, and sleeping-rooms for the merchant and his servants behind. Sewers, and other means of maintaining cleanliness and health, are provided more extensively even than in the regular towns of Russia.

"The business of the fair is of such importance that the governor of the province, the representative of the emperor himself, takes up his residence in it during the greater part of the autumn. There is a large and handsome palace built for him in the centre, accommodating a train of secretaries and clerks numerous enough to manage the revenues of a kingdom. Strong posts of military are planted all round to keep down rioting, and the cossack policemen are always on the alert against thieves, who notwithstanding, continue to reap a good harvest from the unwary.

"Immediately on leaving the bridge, the fair-ground begins. This part is always crowded with labourers looking out for employment, and cossacks planted among them to maintain order. Then come lines of temporary booths, displaying objects of inferior value for the lower classes, such as beads, trinkets, and some articles of dress, especially caps. Of these last a great variety is displayed—round turbans of short curly wool from Astracan (here called crimmels, because the best is furnished by the lamb of the large-tailed sheep imported from Crim Tartary)—high black Kirghis bonnets made of wool resembling hair—and flat gold-figured cowls from Kasan. These booths stand in front of coffee, or rather tea-rooms, laid out with little tables, and eating-houses large enough for two or three hundred to dine in with comfort, and at any price, from two pence to two pounds.

"First advances a white-faced flat-nosed merchant from Archangel, come here with his furs. He is followed by a bronzed long-eared Chinese, who has got rid of his tea, and is now moving towards the city, to learn something of European life before setting out on his many months' journey home. Next come a pair of Tartars from the Five Mountains, followed by a youth whose regular features speak of Circassian blood. Those with muslins on their arms, and bundles on their backs, are Tartar pedlars. Cossacks who have brought hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in wonder on their brethren who have come with caviar from the Akhtuba. Those who follow, by their flowing robes and dark hair, must be from Persia; to them the Russians owe their perfumes. The man in difficulty about his passport is a Kujur from Astrabad, applying for aid to a Turcoman from the northern bank of the Gourgau. The wild-looking Bashkir from the Ural has his thoughts among the hives of his cottage, to which he would fain be back; and the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg looks as if he would gladly bear him company, for he would rather be listening to the scream of his eagle in the chase than to the roar of this sea of tongues.

"Glancing in another direction, yonder simpering Greek from Moldavia, with the rosary in his fingers, is in treaty with a Kalmuck as wild as the horses he was bred amongst. Here comes a Truchman craving payment from his neighbour Ghilan (of Western Persia), and a thoughtless Bucharian is greeting some Agriskhan acquaintance (sprung of the mixed blood of Hindoos and Tartars). Nogais are mingling with Kirghisians, and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with a member of some Asiatic tribe of unpronounceable name. Jews from Brody are settling accounts with Turks from Trebizond; and a costume-painter from Berlin is walking arm-in-arm with the player from St. Petersburg who is to perform Hamlet in the evening.

"In short, cotton merchants from Manchester, jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neuchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburg, grocers from Königsberg, amber dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw, help to make up a crowd the most motley and most singular that the wonder-working genius of commerce ever drew together."

"The spot on which the fair is held is undoubtedly the fittest to be found in Europe for such a purpose. The two rivers at whose junction it stands not only rank among the largest in our division of the globe, but are both of them navigable to a great distance, and one, in particular, is of importance in a commercial point of view, from its being now, by canals, in communication both with the north of Europe and with some of the finest provinces of Asia. Great as is the quantity of goods transported by land, it bears no proportion to the cargoes conveyed by the countless armament, already alluded to, floating on every side; most of them hulks, averaging from forty to one hundred tons burden, besides the steam-boats and ships of greater size on the Volga. Compared with all this, the extent of shipping was most trifling when the fair was first planted here. But of the many proofs that can be brought in favour of the new site, none is more striking than that furnished by the great increase in the business of the fair. Not many years ago the sales at Makarieff did not exceed the value of fifty millions of roubles; now, as we have seen, even by the official valuation, it is much more than double. The sales, even in 1832, an unfavourable year, were valued at 123,000,000 of which 89,500,000 were for goods belonging to European Russia, 16,700,000 for Asiatic goods, and 17,000,000 for foreign articles."

One word more on the state of Russian manufactures, and we take our leave of Mr. Bremner.

"Where are these boasted manufactures of Russia? We traversed it from north to south in search of them; but our search was fruitless. There are, undeniably, many establishments of industry, but they are on the most limited scale. Those in the large cities are not fit to supply the wants of half the population around them; and even those in the smaller towns do not suffice for the demands of the neighbourhood. The highest of their cloth manufactures, for instance, produces only coarse stuffs, worn by none but the poorer classes, who have never made use of English goods, and who therefore, let them wear what they may, can never be reckoned among our lost customers."

"The only tenure which England has of the Russians, or of other foreign nations, as purchasers of her manufactures, lies in the superiority of the goods she produces. Not one of these nations will buy a single web from us—nor do we see why they should—after the day when they can procure as good and as cheap an article at home. That the Russian manufacturer, however, is not likely to be soon in a condition to drive us even from his own market, far less from that of any other state, the slightest acquaintance with that country will very satisfactorily show. In no part of it did we see many articles of native manufacture that would be worn by any person above the lowest rank. Even the finest of the goods which we saw at Nishnei—the best place that a stranger can visit in order to know what Russian manufacturers can produce—were rude and clumsy. Those which we afterwards saw at Toula must be described in the same terms; and, lastly, all that we have now seen produced by the high-sounding 'manufactures' of Odessa are, if possible, of still meaner character. In short, all that we saw of the products of Russian looms, confirmed us in the belief, that England has no more reason to fear that she will be driven from the market by them, than she has to fear that the cotton spinners of Manchester, and the cloth-weavers of Huddersfield, are to be ruined by the formidable rivalry of the linsey-wolsey of the thrifty housewives of the Scottish Highlands, and the honest homespun of Cumberland."

THE FUR CLOAK.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was in the winter of 1805, that I was dining at Mr. Jefferson's, when, soon after leaving the table, I was seized with an ague, and obliged to leave the charming circle that collected in the drawing-room.

Mr. Jefferson, with almost paternal kindness, insisted on wrapping me in his *fur cloak*, which, while it completely shielded me from the night air, had the more powerful effect of conquering my shiverings, by exciting my imagination.

"Strange!" thought I, "that I, an obscure individual in America, should be wrapped in the same mantle that once enveloped the Czar of Russia—that was afterwards long worn by the patriot hero of Poland, and now belongs to one of the greatest men alive! I wish the *cloak* could speak and tell me something of each of its possessors. Of the insane despot, to whom it originally belonged, it could tell me of no act of his life half so good as the one by which the cloak was transferred to the good Kosciusko."

This brave man, inspired by an inherent and inextinguishable love of liberty, had, when a mere youth, forsaken his native country—the luxuries of wealth, and the allurements of pleasure, to enlist and fight in our cause. Many were the privations he endured and the dangers he encountered for the sake of that righteous cause to which his whole life was devoted. To a courage the most unshrinking and a spirit the most daring, he added a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, almost feminine, and a refinement of taste which led him, amidst the ruggedness and hardships of a camp, to cultivate the gentle arts of peace. The daring soldier in the field of battle, was the tender and sentimental companion of virtuous women; the ornament of the drawing-room, and the favourite of the domestic circle.

Even in garrison, the pursuits of a simple and refined taste were not neglected. At the fort of West Point, where his regiment was long beleaguered by the British forces, we are still led to a spot amidst the rocks, called Kosciusko's Garden. There, on the high and rocky banks of the Hudson, he amused his leisure moments in cultivating flowers. Nature had supplied no soil for their growth, but, with indefatigable toil and inexhaustible patience, he supplied the deficiency of Nature. The spot he had chosen was inaccessible to vehicles of any kind, and he carried the soil himself in baskets and deposited it in the recesses of the rocks.

There, morning and evening, leaving the coarse merriment and sensual pleasures of the camp, he tended his flowers; or giving himself up to the stillness of solitude, would sit on some projecting rock and watch the majestic stream that flowed at his feet, or the clouds that floated over his head.

Who that could then have looked on the slight and tender youth, the pretty boy, for so small and delicate were his form and features, that he seemed little more; who that looked on him, hanging with delight over a bed of flowers, would have recognized in him the commander of armies, the hero of his nation? How lovely is the union of greatness and goodness! It was the blending of these qualities that made Kosciusko as beloved as he was admired, and kindled in other bosoms a portion of that enthusiasm which glowed in his own. Yes, even I, then a young and thoughtless girl, felt the power of that enthusiasm, which inspired a nation of freemen, and collected thousands round the standard of this patriot soldier.

For days and weeks have I sat, with increasing delight, beside his couch, and listened to the stories of his battles and hair-breadth escapes, of his successes and defeats, his triumph and his captivity, one day a conqueror, the next a prisoner.

Though more than thirty years have since passed, I can still see him, as I saw him then, pale, emaciated, wounded; his almost fragile form reclined upon a couch, supported by pillows, with a little table drawn close beside him, on which he leaned his elbow, supporting his head on his hand; that wounded head around which he wore a bandage of black riband, instead of the laurel wreath he had so nobly won. But the indelible scar, which that bandage covered, was the seal of glory.

The little table was covered with books, pens, pencils; with letters from numerous friends, and tributary verses from every European nation. With what delight did I avail myself of his permission to examine all these things, and how kindly did he indulge my youthful curiosity in reading to me many of these effusions of friendship, admiration, and love; yes, love, for I remember well, that one of the letters was from a lady, who had loved him when a volunteer in our army. It began thus:

"By what title shall I address thee, oh being still too dear and

too well remembered! shall I call thee the defender of thy country? oh, no, it is too awful. Hero of liberty? it is too high. Noble Pole? oh! that speaks of another and far distant country; what then shall I call thee, that will bring to recollection the days of past years? I will call thee Kosciusko! other names may need titles, but this is itself the highest title. *This*, indelibly engraven on my heart, will brightly shine in the pages of history. Welcome, then Kosciusko, welcome to the country that reveres, and to the heart that adores you!"

Such, or nearly such, were the glowing words of this impassioned letter; they were so accordant with the girlish romance of my disposition, that they made an ineffaceable impression on my memory. Perhaps—nay, certainly, he ought not to have shown this letter. But, after all, heroes are but men; and he had, alas! too many of the weaknesses of poor human nature, and I cannot deny that vanity was one. I recollect, too, some very beautiful verses sent him by Miss Porter, the distinguished novelist; but they came not from her heart, and therefore did not reach mine. They were complimentary verses, in praise of the patriot and hero. *Hero!*—how different were my ideas of the person of a hero, from that of Kosciusko.

From my childhood his name had been familiar to my ear, and I had heard of his youthful achievements in defence of our liberty. At the time of his return to our country, his fame had preceded his arrival. His bold enterprises,—his patient endurance,—his invincible courage,—his unyielding firmness, and his ardent patriotism, were the daily theme of private circles and public journals, and when he landed on our shores he was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm, and crowds eagerly ran to catch a glimpse of one of their earliest defenders.

When he arrived in the little town in which I lived, and became an inmate of the house of one of my relations, I felt emotions it is impossible to describe. My young imagination embodied this "apostle of liberty" (as he was sometimes called) in a form grand, imposing, and venerable; with a figure as commanding as that of our own Washington, and a countenance far more expressive. My fancy pictured him forth with noble features, large penetrating eyes, and an air of loftiness and grandeur. When I was led up to his couch, and saw a diminutive and feeble old man, with a pale face, turned-up nose, little blue eyes, and thin, light-coloured hair, I could not at first believe that it really was the renowned Kosciusko; and for a time my enthusiasm was entirely extinguished, for there was nothing about him to counteract the effect produced by his appearance, and I must own I never recovered those feelings which his fame had inspired—feelings excited by moral grandeur. His manners and conversation were as little imposing as his person and countenance. I continually endeavoured, by recalling his great actions to mind, to rekindle my enthusiasm. I never succeeded:—nothing he said, or looked, assisted the illusion; no, not even when he described the conflicts in which he had been engaged, could I realise that the pale, feeble, little man, whom I looked upon, was the commander of armies, and the idol of his country. But a tenderer sentiment soon took the place of this high-wrought enthusiasm; for, when he talked of his sufferings, his bosom cares, and anxieties,—his high hopes and his deep despair,—it was impossible to listen and not to feel a deep interest and tender sympathy.

His mild countenance, soft voice, and gentle manners, were in harmony with such details.

In our little town, there were few who thought of approaching *the great man*, and he was left in comparative solitude; at least, to the quiet of the domestic circle of our family.

I was a romantic girl, a young enthusiast, and much indulged. I soon found a low seat beside his couch, on which I every day passed many hours. He loved to talk of himself, and perhaps perceived no one listened to him with so eager and untiring an attention as I did. Who is there insensible to the pleasure of exciting strong emotion, deep interest, and tender sympathy? Some there are, and I think he was one, who felt peculiar pleasure in awakening these emotions in the artless and unsophisticated mind of youth, where they are blended with strong curiosity and astonishment.

My fixed gaze, tearful eyes, and glowing face, so clearly evinced the interest I took in his conversation, that no doubt it led him into details he would not otherwise have given. I have forgotten few of these details, and could fill a volume, were I to write all I remember; but at present will only repeat the account he gave me of the manner in which he became possessed of the *Fur Cloak*, though the incidents connected with his defeat, following the battle

in which he was made prisoner, and his feelings on the occasion, are so interesting, that I can scarcely omit them. But these are matters of history.

"I expected," said he, "on my arrival at St. Petersburg, to be thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with chains; but no such thing. Catharine, though an embittered, was not a cruel enemy. I had fought only for the liberty of my country, and, although she wished to destroy that liberty, she respected its defender.

"The confinement to which she consigned me was rigorous in the extreme; but I was allowed every comfort compatible with the security of my person and prevention of any intercourse with society.

"My apartment was large and commodious, my table well spread; and books, materials for writing, drawing, and painting, amply supplied.

"Could I for one moment have forgotten my poor, bleeding, and enslaved country, I could have been almost happy. But my country in chains, and struggling for freedom, was a thought never absent from my mind, and produced a restlessness and impatience scarcely to be endured. Imagine a mother hearing the cries of a child in agony, forcibly withheld from running to its assistance, and you may then imagine my feelings. I sometimes thought that, in a dark dungeon, and chained to the ground, I could have endured confinement with less impatience than in my spacious and lightsome apartment, which wore the semblance and breathed the air of liberty, while I was, in fact, as much enchained as if loaded with fetters. I was not indeed fettered with iron chains, but, what was more intolerable, with the eternal presence of men,—by men on whose sympathies I might have worked, had time allowed me. But this was a contingency, against which my sagacious as well as powerful enemy had securely guarded.

"During the eighteen months I was confined at St. Petersburg, I never, for two hours successively, saw the same face. The guard stationed in my apartment was changed every hour. Compute how many hours there are in eighteen months, and you will know how many strange faces I looked upon during the time of my imprisonment. Never for one moment was I left alone!

"Escape was impossible. After a time this conviction brought with it more composure, and I could read, write, and draw: the latter talent was the source of much amusement, and in the creations of my pencil I found a substitute for those of nature. Yes, the flowers grew under my hand,—the landscape was lit with sunshine and smiled in verdure; and at times I felt emotions of pleasure, similar, if not equal, to those which living flowers and real landscapes could give. And sometimes, too, I would recover the presence of those I loved;—I would trace their features, and draw eyes that seemed to look at me, and lips that seemed to speak.

"Thus did I seek to beguile the weary monotony of my confinement. But more heavy and more weary was each succeeding day, and there were moments when I felt such disgust in life that I was tempted to destroy it; yet, loathing life, I lived; for against hope I hoped.

"One day, awakening from a sleep into which I had fallen, on opening my eyes, I saw a stranger sitting on the foot of my couch, earnestly regarding me. I started up with, I suppose, a look of alarm, for the stranger said to me, 'Be not alarmed; I bring you good tidings,—your inexorable enemy is dead. Catharine died this morning;—you are free.'

"'Free!' I exclaimed, 'impossible.'

"'Not impossible,' he answered. 'I am Paul; and I tell you, you are free.'

"After the first emotions of joy and surprise had subsided, the Emperor told me I was at liberty to leave St. Petersburg, and to go to any country I pleased, Poland excepted. He offered me any sum of money I should desire. I declined receiving more than was sufficient to defray my expenses to London, and from thence to America. When he found I would not take the heavy purse he earnestly pressed on me, he took from his shoulders a rich *fur cloak* he wore, and, throwing it over mine—'Wear this for my sake,' said the Emperor."

On leaving this country for Europe, Kosciusko left this cloak with his revered friend, Jefferson.

APPETITE.

APPETITE is a relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat; while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.—*Tin Trumpet.*

READING AND BOOKS.

To have the mind vigorous, you must refresh it, and strengthen it, by a continued contact with the mighty dead who have gone away, but left their imperishable thoughts behind them. We want to have the mind continually expanding, and creating new thoughts, or at least feeding itself upon manly thoughts. The food is to the blood, which circulates through your veins, what reading is to the mind; and the mind that does not *love* to read, may despair of ever doing much in the world of mind which it would affect. You can no more be the "full man" whom Bacon describes, without reading, than you can be vigorous and healthy without any new nourishment. It could be no more reasonable to suppose it, in the expressive and beautiful language of Porter, "than to suppose that the Mississippi might roll on its flood of waters to the ocean, though all its tributary streams were cut off, and it were replenished only by the occasional drops from the clouds." Some will read works of the imagination, or what is called the light literature of the day, while that which embraces solid thought is irksome. The Bishop of Winchester (Hoadley) said that he could never look into Butler's Analogy without having his head ache—a book which Queen Caroline told Mr. Sale, she read every day at breakfast. Young people are apt—and to this students are continually tempted—to read only for amusement. Pope says, that, from fourteen to twenty, he read for amusement alone; from twenty to twenty-seven, for improvement and instruction; that in the former period, he wanted only to *know*, and in the second, endeavoured to *judge*.

The object of reading may be divided into several branches. The student reads for relaxation from more severe studies; he is thus refreshed, and his spirits are revived. He reads for facts in the history and experience of his species, as they lived and acted under different circumstances. From these facts he draws conclusions; his views are enlarged, his judgment corrected, and the experience of former ages, and of all times, becomes his own. He reads, chiefly, probably, for information; to store up knowledge for future use; and he wishes to classify and arrange it, that it may be ready at his call. He reads for the sake of style,—to learn how a strong, nervous, or beautiful writer expresses himself. The spirit of a writer to whom the world has bowed in homage, and the dress in which the spirit stands arrayed, is the object at which he must anxiously look.

It is obvious, then, that, in attaining any of these ends, except, perhaps, that of amusement, *reading should be performed very slowly and deliberately*. You will usually, and, indeed, almost invariably, find that those who read a great multitude of books, have but little knowledge that is of any value. A large library has justly been denominated a learned luxury—not elegance—much less utility. A celebrated French author was laughed at on account of the poverty of his library. "Ah," replied he, "when I want a book, I make it!" Rapid readers generally are very desultory; and a man may read much, and know but very little. "The *helluo librorum* and the true scholar are two very different characters." One who has a deep insight into the nature of man, says that he never felt afraid to meet a man who has a large library. It is the man who has but few books, and who thinks much, whose mind is the best furnished for intellectual operations. It will not be pretended, however, that there are not many exceptions to this remark. But, with a student, in the morning of life, there are no exceptions. If he would improve by his reading, it must be very deliberate. Can a stomach receive any amount or kind of food, hastily thrown into it, and reduce it, and from it extract nourishment for the body? Not for any length of time. Neither can the mind any easier digest that which is rapidly brought before it. Seneca has the same idea in his own simple, beautiful language—"Distrahit animum librorum multitudo;—Fastidientis stomachi multa degustare, que ubi varia sunt et diversa, inquinant, non alunt."

It is by no means certain that the ancients had not a great compensation for the fewness of their books, in the thoroughness with which they were compelled to study them. A book must all be copied with the pen, to be owned; and he who transcribed a book for the sake of owning it, would be likely to understand it. Before the art of printing, books were so scarce, that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome, to beg a copy of Cicero de Oratore, and Quintilian's Institutes, &c., because a copy of these works was not to be found in all France. Albert, abbot of Gemblours, with incredible labour and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, including everything; and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494, the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects; and, on

his borrowing a Bible from the convent of St. Swithin, he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, that he would return it uninjured. If any one gave a book to a convent or a monastery, it conferred everlasting salvation upon him, and he offered it upon the altar of God. The convent of Rochester every year pronounced an irrevocable damnation on him who should dare steal or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate a title. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such consequence, that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previous to the year 1300, the library of Oxford consisted only of a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape; and at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the royal library of France contained only four classics, with a few devotional works. So great was the privilege of owning a book, that one of their books on natural history contained a picture, representing the Deity as resting on the Sabbath, with a book in his hand, in the act of reading! It was probably no better in earlier times. Knowledge was scattered to the four winds, and truth was hidden in a well. Lycurgus and Pythagoras were obliged to travel into Egypt, Persia, and India, in order to understand the doctrine of the metempsychosis. Solon and Plato had to go to Egypt for what they knew. Herodotus and Strabo were obliged to travel to collect their history, and to construct their geography as they travelled. Few men pretended to own a library, and he was accounted truly favoured who owned half a dozen volumes. And yet, with all this scarcity of books, there were in those days scholars who greatly surpassed us. We cannot write poetry like Homer, nor history like Thucydides. We have not the pen which Aristotle and Plato held, nor the eloquence with which Demosthenes thrilled. They surpassed us in painting and in sculpture. Their books were but few. But these were read, as Horace says, *ten times*—"decies repetita placebunt." Their own resources were tasked to the utmost, and he who could not draw from his own fountain, in vain sought for neighbours, from whose wells he could borrow.—*Todd's Student's Manual*.

DR. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

DR. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, of Boston, in the state of Massachusetts, in America, was born at Salem, in the same state, in 1773. He was removed from school at the age of ten years, to assist his father in his trade as a cooper, and was indebted for all his subsequent acquisitions, including the Latin and some modern languages, and a profound knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, entirely to his own exertions, unaided by any instruction whatever. He became afterwards a clerk to a ship-chandler, where his taste for astronomy first showed itself, and was sufficiently advanced to enable him to master the rules for the calculation of a lunar eclipse; and his subsequent occupation as supercargo in a merchant-vessel sailing from Salem to the East Indies, led naturally to the further development of his early tastes, by the active and assiduous study of those departments of that great and comprehensive science which are most immediately subservient to the purposes of navigation. It was owing to the reputation which he had thus acquired for his great knowledge of nautical astronomy that he was employed by the booksellers to revise several successive editions of Hamilton Moore's Practical Navigator, which he afterwards replaced by an original work on the same subject, remarkable for the clearness and conciseness of its rules, for its numerous and comprehensive tables, (the greatest part of which he had himself re-calculated and re-framed,) and for its perfectly practical character as a manual of navigation. This work, which has been republished in this country, has been for many years almost exclusively used in the United States of America.

Dr. Bowditch, having been early elected a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston, commenced the publication of a series of communications in the Memoirs of that Society, which speedily established his reputation as one of the first astronomers and mathematicians of America, and attracted likewise the favourable notice of men of science in Europe.

During the last twenty years of his life, Dr. Bowditch was employed as the acting president of an Insurance Company at Salem, and latterly also as actuary of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, at Boston: the income which he derived from these employments, and from the savings of former years, enabled him to abandon all other and more absorbing engagements, and to devote his leisure hours entirely to scientific pursuits. In 1815 he began his great work, the translation of the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace; the fourth and last volume of which was not quite completed at the time of his death. The

American Academy, over which he presided for many years, at a very early period of the progress of this very extensive and costly undertaking, very liberally offered to defray the expense of printing it; but he preferred to publish it from his own very limited means, and to dedicate it as a splendid and durable monument of his own labours and of the state of science in his own country. He died in March 1838, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, after a life of singular usefulness and most laborious exertion, in the full enjoyment of every honour which his grateful countrymen in every part of America could pay to so distinguished a fellow-citizen.

Dr. Bowditch's translation of the great work of Laplace is a production of much labour, and of no ordinary merit. Every person who is acquainted with the original must be aware of the great number of steps in the demonstrations which are left unsupplied, in many cases comprehending the entire processes which connect the enunciation of the propositions with the conclusions; and the constant reference which is made, both tacit and expressed, to results and principles, both analytical and mechanical, which are coextensive with the entire range of known mathematical science: but, in Dr. Bowditch's very elaborate commentary, every deficient step is supplied,—every suppressed demonstration is introduced,—every reference explained and illustrated; and a work which the labours of an ordinary life could hardly master is rendered accessible to every reader who is acquainted with the principles of the differential and integral calculus, and in possession of even an elementary knowledge of statistical and dynamical principles.

When we consider the circumstances of Dr. Bowditch's early life,—the obstacles which opposed his progress,—the steady perseverance with which he overcame them,—and the courage with which he ventured to expose the mysterious treasures of that sealed book which had hitherto only been approached by those whose way had been cleared for them by a systematic and regular mathematical education, we shall be fully justified in pronouncing him to have been a most remarkable example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and well worthy of the enthusiastic respect and admiration of his countrymen, whose triumphs in the field of practical science have fully equalled, if not surpassed, the noblest works of the ancient world.—*Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex.*

MRS. BLACKWELL;

AN INSTANCE OF FEMALE GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

ALEXANDER BLACKWELL was a native of Aberdeen: the date of his birth cannot be positively stated, but may be supposed to have taken place about the year 1700. Having clandestinely married a young woman of his native town, he was obliged to leave the place, and with his wife came up to London; where his first employment was that of corrector of the press to Mr. Wilkins, an eminent printer. He afterwards was enabled to set up as a printer on his own account, in a large house in the Strand; but the fact of his not having served a regular apprenticeship to his business becoming known, an action was brought against him; the unsuccessful defence of which ruined him, and one of his creditors threw him into jail. In this emergency, the genius of his wife prompted the means of assistance. She happened to possess a taste for drawing flowers, and the acknowledged want of a good Herbal at that time (1735) suggested to her the means of exerting her talent in a manner advantageous to herself. She hired a house near the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in order to be able to procure the necessary flowers and plants in a fresh state, as she had occasion for them; and not only made drawings of the flowers, but also engraved them on copper, and coloured the prints with her own hands. Her husband added the Latin names of the plants, with a short account of their principal characters and uses, chiefly taken, by permission, from Miller's "*Botanicum Officinale*." The first volume of the work appeared in 1737, in large folio, containing 252 plates, each of which is occupied by one distinct flower or plant. The second volume, completing the number of plates to 500, appeared in 1739. The drawings are in general faithful; the style of the engravings, though hard, is fully on a level with those of the same age; and as a laborious work, executed in the short space of four years by the unassisted industry of one woman, its accomplishment raises our wonder, and our

admiration no less of the perseverance and assiduity of the author, than of her genius. Happily these qualities procured her the notice and patronage of many persons of rank and character, and likewise of many scientific men; and, on the completion of the first volume, Mrs. Blackwell was permitted to present a copy of it, in person, to the College of Physicians, who made her a handsome present, and gave a testimonial, under the hands of the president and council of the institution, characterising her work as "most useful," and recommending it to the public. By the profits of her labours she was now enabled to release her husband from his confinement, besides having supported herself during her employment upon the work.

Mr. Blackwell resided for some time at Chelsea with his wife; after which he was employed by the Duke of Chandos, in superintending some agricultural operations at Cannons. At this time he published a work on agriculture, which was productive of great benefit to him; for the Swedish ambassador, having transmitted a copy to his court, was directed to engage the author, if possible, to go to Stockholm. This engagement Blackwell accepted, leaving his wife and child in England for the present, and was received in the kindest manner at the court of Sweden, lodged in the house of the prime minister, and allowed a pension. The King of Sweden happening soon after to be taken dangerously ill, Blackwell was permitted to prescribe for him, and fortunately effected a cure. This caused him to be appointed one of the King's physicians, with the title of doctor, although it does not appear that he ever had taken a degree in medicine. While thus comfortably situated, he sent his wife several sums of money; and she was on the point of sailing to join him at Stockholm, when his prospects were at once ruined, and his life sacrificed. Having been accustomed in England to the free utterance of his sentiments, which were warm in defence of the principles of civil liberty, he was probably not sufficiently guarded in his expressions under an arbitrary monarch; or, perhaps, like all those who have risen rapidly to court favour and opulence, he might have malicious enemies, ready to misconstrue or misinterpret his expressions: as a stranger, a native of another country, this is the more probable. However it may be, he was apprehended on suspicion of being connected with a plot which had been formed by one Count Tessin, for overturning the constitution of the kingdom, and altering the line of succession. The application of torture forced from him an acknowledgment of guilt, which, however, it is difficult to believe in: and this instance adds another to the numerous cases in which fear, agony, or mental alienation, have overcome respect for truth,—perhaps, prevented the victim from recognising it. At any rate, there appears to have been no motive for Blackwell's joining in a conspiracy against his benefactor; and it is scarcely likely that, had he been really implicated, he would, just at this moment, have sent for his wife and child to join him at Stockholm. He was tried before a royal commission, and sentenced to be beheaded; with other aggravations of his punishment, which were not, however, inflicted. In the course of his trial, some imputations were thrown upon the King of Great Britain, which, in conjunction with other circumstances, caused the recall of the British ambassador from Stockholm.

Blackwell was executed July 29, 1747. On the scaffold, he protested his innocence, pointing out, as corroborative of his assertions, the want of all motive for engaging in a plot against the government. Happening to lay his head wrong upon the block, he remarked good-humouredly that, as this was the first experiment, no wonder that he required a little instruction.

The date of Mrs. Blackwell's death is not ascertained: her work was afterwards republished on the Continent.

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

COMMON-PLACE people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.—*Tin Trumpet.*

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

THE vast island—or rather continent—of Australia, is, in many respects, one of the most important of British colonial possessions. It stands completely isolated, as it were, both physically and morally. The owners of the soil are few in number, compared with the extent of surface; few obstacles are presented by them to the spread of colonization, while they afford a fair field for an experiment on aborigines, conducted on Christian and rational principles. There is no neighbouring power to watch and control—no mixture of different races of colonists, to create apprehensions of an explosion. The entire country seems freely open to British enterprise and emigration: while, on its eastern, western, and southern coasts, three distinct experiments of colonization, conducted on distinct principles, are in progress. Two of them, New South Wales, and Western Australia, have manifested their characters by their fruit—Southern Australia is only begun.

When emigration to British America and the United States was the “rage,” abundance of books of travels and “Emigrants’ Guides,” appeared; and now that the tide is setting towards Australia, there is no lack of works to stimulate emigrating zeal, or to direct the intending emigrant. We have “South Australia in 1837-8,” by Robert Gouger, Esq.; “Six Months in South Australia,” by T. H. James, Esq.; “The Land of Promise,” by “One who is going;” and a “Hand-Book for Australian Emigrants,” by Samuel Butler, Esq., whom, judging from his preface, we may term “one who has gone.” This is all right enough. “In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.” One publication may be written in too glowing a style; another, perhaps by a disappointed man, may be cold and depreciating; while a third may be dictated from purely interested motives—an advertisement written large. But surely the truth can be elicited by comparison; and shame would it be, if in this age of rapid communication and abundant publication, any delusion should gain a general hold on the public mind, or that hundreds of emigrants should quit their native shores, to live and die in misery and disappointed hope.

There is one thing which all the Guide-books and Hand-books that can be written, cannot do for a man—to decide for him whether *he himself* is a fit subject for emigration. We read about a fine soil, a mild climate, abundance of land, and capital prospects; and perhaps, somewhat tired or disgusted by temporary circumstances, we fancy we should like to “try our luck” far away from our present annoyances or inconveniences. A man who emigrates in this hap-hazard way *may* succeed: but he is turning emigration into a kind of lottery. He who emigrates in the right spirit, is one who does not start away, from pique, or impatience, or any temporary annoyance, but who coolly calculates and compares his chances and probabilities. Such a man thinks for himself, and for his family too; and if he is determined to *work* as well as *think*, and is able to work, there is every reasonable ground to think that he will succeed, if success is within the range of probability and possibility.

Mr. Butler has produced a very readable “Hand-Book for Australian Emigrants,” though he has left an opening for an imputation on his judgment, by the extravagant manner in which he praises the penal colony of New South Wales. His book commences with the following general description of Australia:—

“AUSTRALIA, or NEW HOLLAND, is situated in the Pacific Ocean, and forms the largest island in the world. Lying between 9 degrees and 38 degrees of south latitude, and 112 degrees and 153 degrees of east longitude, it forms an extent of land, which, from its geographical position, and its natural productions, abounds in interest both to the philosophical inquirer, and to all who wish to make it the place of their residence. It extends 2000 miles from north to south, and about 2,600 from east to west, cut near its centre by the tropic of Capricorn,—its northern portion is included in the Torrid zone, but all its southern region enjoys the salubrious climate of the Temperate belt.

“It has been divided into three principal parts, discovered at different periods, each possessed of a different history, but all of them having been employed for the purposes of colonization by the over-crowded population of the Old World. It consists of New South Wales, or Eastern Australia, on the east; South Australia, in the centre; and the Swan River settlement, or Western Australia, on the west of its extra-tropical range.

“New Holland was discovered by Don Pedro Fernando de Quiros, a Spanish nobleman, in 1609. He appears to have made

the land in the vicinity of Torres Straits, and named it Australia of the Holy Spirit; but it afterwards received the name of New Holland, from the number of Dutch navigators by whom it was visited, and whose voyages, if not earlier made, seem either to have been the earliest recorded, or the most generally made known. The Spanish monarch, at the time, was too much occupied with the splendid acquisitions made to his foreign dominions by the genius of Columbus, to attend to the progress of eastern discovery; and additional portions of this region of the globe were successively made known by the spirit of commercial enterprise, or the good fortune of individuals. The correct and indefatigable Dampier was the first English navigator by whom the coast of New Holland was visited. He received his naval education among the buccaneers of America, and in a cruise against the Spaniards, he doubled Cape Horn, from the east stretched towards the equator, fell in with this continental island, made an accurate survey of its shores, which, on his return to England, he presented to earl Pembroke, and which gained him the patronage of William III.

“But the illustrious Cook was the first who gave the most extensive information, and dispelled many illusions, regarding this extensive region, during his first and his third voyages in 1770 and 1777. Previous to this, the eastern coast was almost entirely unexplored, but by him there was made known the existence of a vast island, almost equal in extent to the whole continent of Europe. Since that time it has engaged much of the attention of the British government and people. Many experiments have been tried, and with varied success, until the tide of public approval has turned so entirely in its favour, that even the wealth and the comforts of home, the length of the voyage, and the distance of the scene, are held as nothing when compared with the health and the independence of Australia.

“Occupying a position considerably nearer to the south of the equator than England is to the north, the climate is consequently both warmer in summer and milder in winter than with us. The most remarkable feature, attested by the report of all who have visited it, is the great uniformity of the temperature throughout almost the whole extent. It is not varied to a high degree even at different seasons of the year, nor liable to sudden transitions from cold to heat. So much is this the case, that invalids from India are now conveyed there instead of being subjected to a tedious voyage to Europe, or a laborious over-land journey to the valleys of the Himalah. This peculiarity arises in great measure from the large proportion which sea bears to land in the southern hemisphere; on this account the temperature of places, at the same distance from the different tropics, north and south, is cooler in the latter than in the former; 35° in the one having been found by observation to correspond with 37° and 38° of the other. For eight months in the year the weather is mild and unbroken. The sky is seldom clouded, and although refreshing showers frequently fall, it is subject to none of the periodical rains which deluge the torrid zone. The sun looks down during two-thirds of his annual course in unveiled beauty from the northern heavens, and for the remainder the frost is so slight as but to require the kindling of a fire for the purposes of great warmth, morning and evening; while, in Sydney, snow has been so seldom seen as to have endowed it with the name of white rain.

“While this is the general characteristic, it must only be understood as the average of the whole, not as liable to no exception at any precise period, or at any particular place, which would of itself form one of the strangest exceptions to the economy of nature in every other portion of the earth’s surface, that has ever been presented to the observation of man. The heat is greater in the interior than on the sea-coast during summer, and the cold more intense in winter. At Paramatta, the thermometer rises 10° higher in summer, and falls the same number lower in winter, than at Sydney. But this is only at noon in summer, when the coolness of morning and evening again restores the balance; and in winter, the contrast arises from the more than European mildness of the one place, rather than from the excessive cold of the other.

“These statements are made with more immediate reference to New South Wales, although applicable to the whole island. But in South Australia especially, the atmosphere is pure, dry, and elastic; even when the hot winds blow, which come periodically four times every summer, and continue from twenty-four to thirty-six hours at a time, the lungs play freely, and no difficulty is felt in breathing. During their prevalence on one occasion, when, according to Dr. Lang, the thermometer stood at

1124°, and he had to perform Divine service twice, he experienced less inconvenience from the heat than he had often done in a crowded church in Scotland. This is owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, which always enables a person to endure a greater degree either of heat or cold, than when it is charged with moisture. In the humid atmosphere of England, such a degree of heat as that alluded to, would have been most oppressive, if not intolerable; and hence arises our exceeding liability to cold and cough, and consumption, which, in an exposure to all weathers, and even to those sleeping uncovered on the ground, are unknown in Australia.

"Being situated at the opposite extremity of the globe, its seasons are nearly the reverse of ours. Our December, January, and February, is summer there, when the atmosphere, however heated, only displays its power in spreading luxuriance over the face of nature, without producing any of its debilitating effects upon the human frame. The heat only requires to be endured for a few hours during the day, to be amply compensated for by the refreshment of the cooling breeze that sets in in the evening. When it is winter there, it is our June, July, and August, which is rather a season of rain than of snow, with some slight symptoms of frost, which speedily disappear before the rays of the rising sun. Its being situated so much further east than England, equally affects the relations of time with regard to day and night, as to summer and winter. The sun rises ten hours later here than it does there; accordingly, when it is six o'clock in the morning here, it is four o'clock in the afternoon with the Australians. Although this is a real difference, it comes upon the emigrant so gradually during the voyage, that its very existence is unperceived, and it leads to no practical tendency in its influence upon the business of life.

"The salubrity of the seasons is evidenced by the health of the inhabitants. They are liable to few diseases; and those which do occur, are represented as in every three instances out of four, the result of moral causes. Excess in the use of animal food, and of ardent spirits, are there, as everywhere else, the great gate-way opened by the hand of man for the entrance of disease and death. Temperance, both in eating and drinking, will be found by the emigrant the most effectual means for the preservation of health; while excessive indulgence, especially in the latter, is more likely than even at home to undermine the constitution, and to blast the prospects with more fearful and fatal rapidity."

Such may be termed a general description of the great island of Australia. But as general descriptions convey, after all, very little information of a specific or particular kind, we shall follow this up by giving some information respecting the colonies of Western and Southern Australia.

THE SERRO OF PASCO OR, SILVER MINES OF PERU.*

THE Serro of Pasco is a vast plain stretching a league and a half in width, throughout which, wherever you dig, silver is found almost close to the surface. The face of the country presents a cold and melancholy aspect. Small hills divided from each other by frozen lakes, or little plains scantily covered by yellow-green grass, compose the scene. On the highest and largest of these hills, 4397 metres above the level of the sea, a cluster of houses, constructed of wood and stone, are grouped irregularly around the mines, whose principal entrance is frequently in the very middle of the street. Around the mouths of the shafts, stakes and planks are fixed to prevent the earth from falling in. The ore is carried from the mine into the court-yard of some neighbouring house, through the crowds of passengers and long files of mules and llamas, who carry to the Serro everything that is consumed there—wood, charcoal, bread, even straw for the beasts of burden. This necessity for bringing every article of supply from the coast or the interior, gives a very animated and extraordinary appearance to the streets. Every house is a shop, where French and English cloth, Spanish and Swedish iron, silks from India, China, and Lyons, the wines of Madeira and Bordeaux, strong rum and brandy, English and Chinese earthenware, porcelain from Limoges, ironmongery from North America, accordeons, musical snuff-boxes; in short everything necessary for civilised life in this icy climate, and all which can tempt the caprices of rich and vulgar *parvenus*, are to be found. In this town of gamblers, every one is rich in his turn; the poor creole

who lives on credit at the next public-house six months of the year, often gains during the other six from 50 to 200 francs a day.

The labourers who work the mines have no fixed pay; at the end of their twelve hours' labour they are permitted to carry away a *capacho* full of the ore which is heaped up at the mouth of the mine, about thirty pounds weight. When the mine is in its ordinary state, that is producing eight or ten marcs of silver per *caron* (fifty quintals of ore), the workman may reckon on from three to five reals (from half-a-crown to three shillings.) But if the veins that are worked become richer, the *capacho* will yield him from ten to forty dollars, and this custom has the force of law. The proprietor of the mine could not, if he would, pay the workmen regular wages. They will have their *capacho* of ore, whether it turn out mere stones or pure silver. This mode of payment has given rise to a species of exchange of which I have never met any other example. Every retail shopkeeper is also a manufacturer of silver ingots. The Indian or the creole, at the end of his twelve hours' work, brings his apron full of stones to the public-house. There he drinks brandy, *chica*, eats a *chupé*, chews *coca*, smokes his cigar, and pays for all with bits of stones. In like manner he gets all he wants, clothing, firing, &c. Every shopkeeper, male or female, is consequently obliged to obtain some knowledge of silver ores, which it takes time and a practised eye to acquire. Nothing is more common than to see a fish-woman, seated at the door of her shop, and while superintending the sale of her merchandise, pound up some ore into powder, knead it up with mercury, wash it, melt it, and finally reduce it to the state of a silver ingot.

The population of the Serro of Pasco, varies from 10 to 15,000 souls, according to the increase or decrease of the *boia*, a term used to express the productiveness of the veins of silver. When it is known in the country that the mines of the Serro are in *boia*, the population increases by a third. Creoles, Indians, runaway sailors, bankrupts, knavish pedlars, assassins, all crowd to have their share of the stream of silver, some to labour, and others to prey upon those who work. Every one is at liberty to assume the heavy hammer and the chisel of the miner. All distinction of caste ceases at the beginning of the first gallery: the white who despises the creole, the creole who robs and beats the Indian, the Indian himself, that poor llama of the white men, all become equal and companions. For twelve hours they are occupied in a stooping posture at the bottom of the pits, the galleries of which are not more than three or four feet high: here they work with their legs plunged in mud, formed by the softened gypsum of the rocks. When they have with difficulty worked a hole about six inches deep, they fill it with powder and spring the mine. The thick and sulphurous smoke has no other issue than the narrow entrance of the gallery some hundreds of paces off; and it often remains condensed and almost immovable for hours, before it slowly rolls away. The fragments of ore are carried away on the back in the *capacho*, the bearers being often obliged to creep upon their hands and knees. Every twelve hours the workmen are changed and fresh men go into the mine. The difference of night and day is not known there; when the grease in the little lamp, which each miner carries in his cap, begins to fail, the hour of repose is known to be near.

This population, who have laboured side by side all the week, yet without meeting, these two relays of men find themselves united, on Sunday, in the churches and public-houses. Not one fails attendance at mass; but this duty of habit and fear accomplished, they scatter themselves among the different cafés and public-houses of the town, and give themselves up to gaming and debauchery, with all the eagerness of men of strong passions and gross and vulgar minds possessed of riches. They are rich, for who would refuse wine and cards to the man who, although without money to-day, is certain to have whole bags full of dollars as soon as the mine shall be in *boia*? and this may happen at any moment, and then all their debts are honourably paid.

These orgies are frequently interrupted or followed by quarrels, in which the knife is unsparingly used, and here they never use to strike twice; they fear revenge; the murdered man is thrown into one of the mines, always open to receive both dead and living. The abandoned galleries alone are left open, for the mines which are worked are closed every Sunday morning. Profiting by the absence of the miners, who all, both old and young, spend Sunday night in drinking or gaming, the *huayllaripas* introduce themselves into the mine. These are robbers of metal, the staple of Peru. The creoles follow this trade, which

* Translated from the French.

is very profitable when the mines are in *boia*. Being themselves workmen, they well know the richest veins. Saturday evening, towards the end of the hours of labour, they select the blocks of ore they intend to carry away at night, and begin to loosen them with the chisel, without separating them entirely. Frequently one of them conceals himself under a heap of rubbish, and at a later hour opens the door for his companions. The activity of these *huayllaripas* is so great, that they have frequently each carried off a *caxon*, weighing fifty quintals, in one night.

The Indians are rarely dangerous *huayllaripas*; for this trade a greater energy is needed, which is only possessed by the whites or creoles. Once entered, if the doors are closed upon them, if the proprietors get information and arrive with their people, the robbers are pursued and hunted from gallery to gallery. If every means of escape are cut off, a terrible fight ensues; the galleries are so low and narrow that they can only fight one to one, and upon their knees. There is no mercy there; the most skilful or most fortunate plunges his knife in the breast of his opponent, and this duel is ended, only to begin another.

M. K. the prefect of the Serro de Pasco, told me that every Monday morning ten or twelve corpses were taken out of the mines, or the little lakes about the town, and nobody could be found to bear witness against the assassins; for almost all the miners have been murderers, or will be so to-morrow. If a murderer has been taken in the fact, and condemned to death, yet he will escape from justice if he can take refuge in a mine, where he cannot be seized, the authority of the magistrate having no power there. This right of asylum is one of the numerous *fueros* granted to the miners as encouragements to labour, at the time when the king of Spain claimed the *quinto*, or fifth part of the net produce of the gold and silver mines. Thus, whilst he was lamenting the disorders of the police in his department, M. K. said he was quite unable to remedy it. In the midst of such an assemblage of people of all nations, it is naturally impossible for social society to exist. The minds of all are too much bent on one idea to permit the entrance of any other. The excitement of wine and play can alone combat the silver-fever which torments them night and day. This atmosphere is so infectious that I have seen French and English merchants, whom I have elsewhere found honest and pacific persons, here so bitten and possessed by this tarantula of silver, that they had not an idea, an exclamation, a smile for aught but silver, silver, silver!

The different mines, to the number of nine hundred and fifty-eight, which have been worked, belong to companies, or rather to associations formed of three, five, or ten individuals who have united their capitals and their industry for the purpose of working such or such a point of the mountain of Pasco. They are, for the most part, Spanish Americans, Peruvians, Chilians, and Buenos Ayrians. A few foreigners, French, English, and North Americans, who are engaged in those works, enter into societies as mechanics, carpenters, or coopers, but are seldom among the managers. As all who are interested in the concern are on the spot, conducting the works themselves, purchasing their quicksilver and workmen's tools; repairing accidental fallings in; cutting canals when a spring rises in the bottom of the mine; in a word, superintending all the necessary operations with the activity and foresight of principals, they gain from ten to fifty per cent, and they laugh at the discredit thrown, in Europe, on the mines of Peru, as they laughed at the exaggerated hopes of fortune entertained respecting these very mines about ten years ago. In 1824, when free trade was proclaimed and strangers were received in the country, European speculators, especially English, indulged the most chimerical ideas: they saw that under the Spaniards, and with their antiquated method, the mines of Peru yielded annually five or six millions of dollars, and they concluded that the progress of chemistry and mechanics would enable them, if the mines were in their hands, to command a return three or four times as large. They formed numerous companies, the Pasco-Peruvian, the Chilian, and Peruvian, and many others, which ran their course in the London share market.

The management of these undertakings was intrusted to ingenious engineers, practised in the modes of European mining. They knew that a flooded mine must be pumped dry by a steam-engine of so many horse power; that large furnaces were necessary to melt the ore; to grind it properly, mills driven by steam, &c. &c. They loaded several vessels with heavy machines which needed such roads as lead to Manchester and Birmingham for their transportation. These vessels arrived at Valparaiso, Co-

quimbo, Isley, and Callao, and the machines were deposited upon the quays, where they remained, since it was found impossible to convey them into the interior, on the backs of mules.

The companies, who had bought very poor or worn-out mines, at a very high price, persisted in working them according to the European system; the engineers grew disgusted; the companies would make no more advances, without receiving any returns; complaints of deception were heard on all sides, and from that time the mines of Peru have fallen into complete discredit in Europe. This opinion is ill founded, since an ordinary mine well worked yields 50 for 100. The richer mines return even 200 and 300 for 100. The Serro de Pasco sends about three millions of dollars to be coined at Lima every year, without reckoning the silver sold in ingots and smuggled out of the country, which may be estimated at one million of dollars. The capital in circulation is two millions of dollars, effective value, and one million in mercantile bills. Thus a capital of three millions produces an annual return of four millions.

TOMB OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AT INNSBRUCK.

THIS majestic tomb is placed in the middle of the centre aisle, on a platform approached by two or three steps of red marble. On the top of a marble roof, raised over it, kneels a colossal figure, in bronze, of Maximilian, surrounded by four smaller allegorical figures of the same metal. The sides of the tomb are divided into twenty-four compartments, of the finest Carrara marble, (carefully covered from the light of day, and only opened to the curious on the payment of a fee,) on which are represented the most interesting events of the emperor's warlike and most prosperous career. The exquisite workmanship of these tablets, though certainly less in the style of Michael Angelo than of an artist in silver or ivory, is most admirable; and, taken together with the lofty deeds and royal alliances they record, appear to me the most princely decoration for a tomb that I have seen or heard of. The celebrated monument raised to the memory of the first wife of this illustrious prince, Mary of Burgundy, who, with her father, Charles the Bold, lies buried in St. Mary's Church at Bruges, greatly as the twin tombs are admired, is, compared to this, a toy and a trifle.

Each tablet contributing to the splendid biography which the sculptures exhibit, is in size about two feet four inches, by one foot eight; and every object contained in them is in the most perfect proportion, and for the most part in excellent perspective, while the finish of the heads and draperies in the foreground requires a magnifying-glass to do it justice.

But, marvellous as is the elaborate beauty of this work, it is far from being the most remarkable feature of this imperial mausoleum. Ranged in two long lines, as if to guard it, stand twenty-eight colossal statues in bronze, of whom twenty are kings, and dukes, and noble princes, alliances of the house of Hapsburg, and eight, their stately dames. Anything more impressive than the appearance of these tall dark guardians of the tomb, some clad in regal robes, some cased in armour, and all finished with the greatest skill, it would be difficult to imagine. But to enjoy it to perfection, the church must be empty. When we first entered it, a capuchin monk was preaching to a very crowded audience; and though these sable giants reared themselves above the crowd in such a style that it would require a preacher of no common eloquence to divide attention with them, yet it was only afterwards, when we had the church to ourselves, for the purpose of having the tomb uncovered for us, that they produced their full effect upon the eye and the imagination.

I am conscious that it is a sign of great mental weakness to have a fancy so easily wrought upon; but I declare to you that I almost trembled as I stood before them. Each with most portrait-like individuality of attitude and expression; each solemn, mournful, dignified, and graceful; and all seeming to dilate before your eyes into more than human dimensions, as if framed with miraculous skill to scare intruders, and to be stationed there by some power more than mortal, to keep fitting watch and ward around the mighty dead. They look, believe me, like an eternal procession of mourners, who shall cease not, while earth endures, to gaze on, mourn over, and protect the sacred relics of him who was the glory of their glorious race on earth.

Twenty-three small bronze statue portraits of saints and saintesses, all claiming kindred with the Hapsburg-Austrian line, are placed on high in front of the choir; among which I remarked *Saint Richard, King of England*.—*Vienna and the Austrians*, by *Mrs. Trollope*.

DECEMBER MORNING.

The giant shadows, sleeping amid the wan yellow light of the December morning, looked like wrecks and scattered ruins of the long, long night.—*Omniana*.

CUSTOM-HOUSE AT ZANZIBAR.

The custom-house is a low shed, or rather lock-up place, for the warehousing of goods; and connected with it is a wooden cage, in which slaves are confined from the time of their arrival from the coast of Africa until they are sold. A sale of these poor creatures takes place every day at sunset, in the public square, where they are knocked down to the highest bidder. The cage is about twenty feet square, and at one time during our short visit, there were no less than one hundred and fifty slaves, men, women, and children, locked up in it! The number imported yearly is estimated at from six to seven thousand. There is an import duty levied upon them, varying from a half-dollar to four dollars a head, depending upon the port in Africa from which they are brought. Some individuals on the island own as many as two thousand, valued at from three to ten dollars each. They work for their masters five days in the week, the other two are devoted to the cultivation of a portion of ground allotted to them for their own maintenance.—*Ruschenberger's Narrative*.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S FILIAL PIETY.

SIR THOMAS MORE, being Lord Chancellor of England at the same time that his father was a judge of the King's Bench, would always, at his going to Westminster, go first to the King's Bench and ask his blessing before he went to sit as Chancellor.—*Baker's Chron.*

DESIRE OF IMPORTANCE.

The desire to appear important in the eyes of another is an almost universal passion. The great struggle ought to be to direct this desire of importance to proper objects, to found the claim to distinction on superiority which is of genuine dignity or use. And what so high as literary fame, where it is well deserved?—*Sir E. Brydges*.

WARINESS OF THE GULL.

"I have thought it remarkable," says Audubon, "how keenly and aptly Gulls generally discover at once the intentions towards them of individuals of our own species. To the peaceable and industrious fisherman they scarcely pay any regard, whether he drags his heavy net along the shore, or patiently waits until his well-baited hook is gulped below the dancing yet well-anchored bark, over the side of which he leans in constant and anxious expectation. At such a time, indeed, if the fisher has had much success, and his boat displays a good store, gulls will almost assail him like so many beggars, and perhaps receive from him a trifling yet dainty morsel. But, on the opposite side of the bay, see how carefully and suspiciously the same birds are watching every step of the man who, with a long gun held in a trailing position, tries to approach the flock of sleeping widgeons! Why, not one of the gulls will go within three times the range of his murderous engine; and, as if to assure him of their knowledge of his designs, they merely laugh at him from their secure station."

MR. JUSTICE JAMES ALLAN PARK.

The judicial eccentricity of this most worthy man was the theme of much conversation in the legal circles. He was a great stickler for what he called "forensic propriety," and always felt extremely flattered that the Government considered him to be the fittest man to try malefactors. He presided at the trials of Thurtell, Fauntleroy, Corder, and Greenacre. The fact is that he was a pains-taking man, and summed up a case with such extraordinary prolixity, as to lead to the conclusion that he considered the jury mere idiots. From his peculiarities we extract the following:—At Chelmsford Assizes, the under-sheriff thought fit to indulge in a buff-coloured waistcoat. His Lordship eyed him for some time with an angry scowl; at length he could not abstain from "forensic propriety." "Really, sir, I must beg of you to take off that straw-coloured waistcoat. I cannot sit here, sir, and behold that waistcoat any longer." The sub-sheriff, of course, did as he was bidden. Upon one occasion, a prosecutor appeared before him, to give evidence, who had mustachios. "What are you, sir?" said the Judge. "A schoolmaster, my lord," was the reply. "A schoolmaster, sir! How dare you come before me with those hairy appendages? Stand down, sir; I shall not allow you your expenses." Upon another occasion a dog barked in court. "Mr. Under Sheriff, pray, turn that dog out; it is monstrous for a dog to be barking at his Majesty's Judge of Assize." The under sheriff commenced serving an ejectment upon what he considered the canine sinner. "Oh, dear no, sir," said the Learned Judge! "I did not mean to turn out that dog, sir; I have noticed that dog for the last three hours, and it is quite impossible for any dog to behave better: 'tis not that dog, sir." At the Winchester assizes, when Mr. Commissioner Williams was at the bar, that gentleman was leader for the plaintiff in an important case of trespass: he rose to open a very well-digested speech, but was stopped in the very threshold of his exordium by the worthy Judge, who said—"I really cannot permit it, Brother Williams; I must maintain the forensic dignity of the bar." The advocate looked unutterable things at his Lordship, and said—"I do not understand you, my Lord." "Oh, yes, you do; you have a most extraordinary wig on; a very extraordinary wig indeed—really I can't permit it. You must change your wig. Such a wig as that is no part of the costume of this bar, as recognised by the jurisprudence of this highly-favoured country."

THE EYE

Martin Luther had such a lion-like vivacity of the eye, that all men were not able to look directly upon him. It is said that there was one sent, who under the pretence of private conference with him should pistol him; but he was courteously received by him, and so confounded by the vigour of his eyes that he left him unhurt.—*Zuing. Theatr.*

THE "GREAT FATHER" OF THE INDIANS.

The Indians of the United States always give the title of "great father" to the President. This, however, is diplomatic. It is well known that they have a trick of nick-naming the whites, as they do each other, on more primitive principles. Thus, a late delegation, in allusion to the sandy complexion of Mr. Van Buren, have always spoken of him, it is said, as the "Red Fox." The opposition party insist on it they mean more than his beard by this; we cannot, of course, decide, where doctors disagree.—*Athenæum*.

ECONOMY.

Economy is not the "penny wise and pound foolish" policy which some suppose it to be. It is the art of calculation joined to the habit of order, and the power of proportioning our wishes to the means of gratifying them.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A BRIDGE.

The Persian Princes, when in England, were taken to a military show on the Medway, to witness the operation of throwing pontoon-bridges, and the crossing of a body of troops with remarkable rapidity. "Ham-en ust? en che cheeze ust?—Is this it? is this what it amounts to?" was the remark of the elder, when the movement was completed. * * "Eh! cheeze pooch ust.—it is a paltry affair," echoed Timour; "we can do at least as well as that in Persia."—"Can you?" said I; "as how, prince?"—"Why," replied he, "when we have to cross a river with an army, all we do is to kill a thousand sheep or goats, blow up their skins, form them into rafts, covered with branches of trees and earth, and, *Bismillah!* over we go."

THE RESTORATION

was a mad roaring time, full of extravagance; and no wonder it was so, when the men of affairs were almost perpetually drunk.—*Burnet*.

THUNDER.

The rolling of thunder is produced by the reverberation among the clouds. Arago and others, when making some experiments on the velocity of sound, observed that the explosion of their guns produced a single and sharp sound when the sky was perfectly clear; but when encumbered with clouds, they were attended with a long continued roll that mimicked thunder.—*The Earth*.

DELIGHTS OF ROYALTY.

Of all the descendants of Antigonus, Philip was the only prince who put his son to death, whereas, in the families of other kings, nothing is more common than the murders of sons, and mothers, and wives. As for the killing of brothers like a postulate in geometry, it was considered as indispensibly necessary to the safety of the reigning prince.—*Plutarch*

NEWCASTLE SATIRE ON A CONCEITED COLLIER.

My nyem it's Billy Oliver,
Iv Benwell town aw dwell;
An' aw's a cliver chep, aw's shure,
Tho' aw de say't mysel'.
Sic an a cliver chep am aw, am aw, am aw,
Sic an a cliver chep am aw.
There's not a lad iv a wur wark
Can put or hew w' me;
Nor not a lad iv Benwell town
Can coax the lasses see.
Sic an a cliver chep am aw.
When aw gans tiv Newcastle town,
Aw myeks mysel' sae fine;
Wur neybars stand and stare at me,
An' say, "Eh! what a shine!"
Sic an a cliver chep am aw
An' then aw walks w' sic an air,
That, if the folks hev eyes,
They aw'is think it's sum great man,
That's cum in i' disguise.
Sic an a cliver chep am aw.

THE EMPEROR SEVERUS.

The Emperor Severus, after many wars, growing old, and upon the point of death, called for an urn, in which (after the ancient manner) the ashes of their burnt bodies were to be bestowed; and, after he had long looked upon it, and held it in his hands, he uttered these words: "Thou," said he, "shalt contain that man whom all the world was too narrow to confine."

"Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corporacula."
"Tis only death that tells
How small he is that swells."

London: WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. Edinburgh: FRASER & Co. Dublin: CURRY & Co.—Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars.